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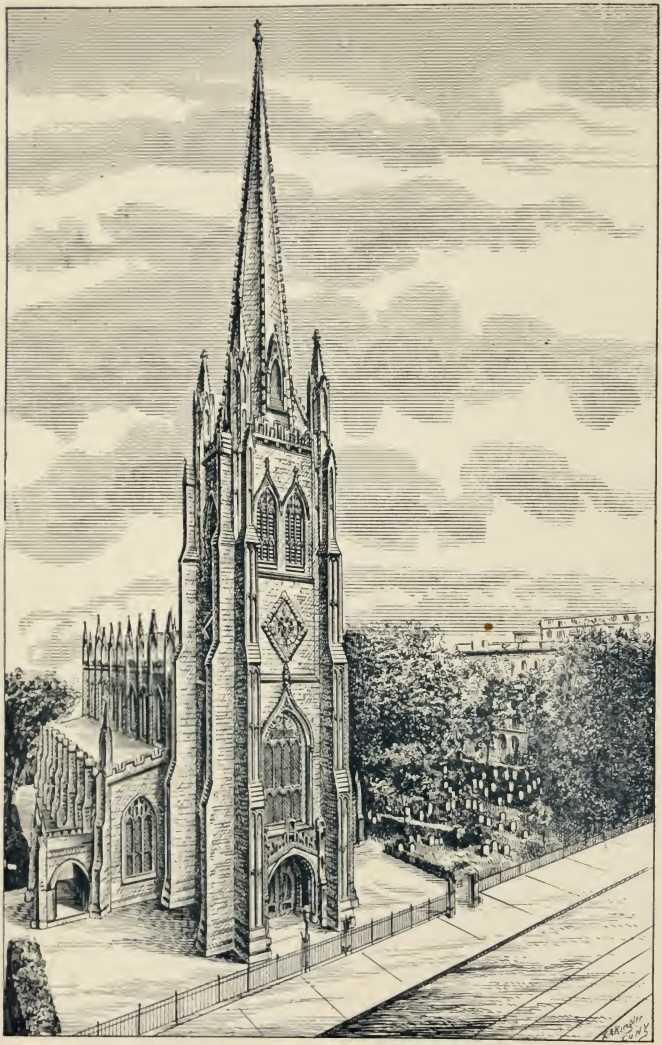
Walks in our Churchyards



TRINITY CHURCH.

WALKS IN OUR CHURCHYARDS

OLD NEW YORK

Trinity Parish

(New York City)

BY

FELIX OLDBOY, pseud.

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J. F. Mines

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NOTE.

THIS volume is compiled to preserve in permanent form the sketches entitled

"WALKS IN OUR CHURCHYARDS,"

which, undertaken at our request, appeared in the *Trinity Record* during 1890–92.

FELIX OLDBOY'S work is too well known to require either preface or introduction. All who appreciate studies and recollections of Old New York will recall with pleasure how much his facile pen has done to rescue associations from oblivion, which otherwise would have been swept away with the structures with which they were connected.

It is well said that we cannot buy with gold these old associations. It therefore seems to us timely to place in permanent form these recollections of the past, which cling to the graves and tombstones in the churchyards of Trinity Parish.

FITZHUGH WHITEHOUSE.
HENRY COTHEAL SWORDS.

Christmas, 1895.

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WALKS IN OUR CHURCHYARDS.

I.

An English gentleman, Mr. John Lambert, who visited New York in 1807, when the entire city lay below Canal Street, was severely critical in regard to the churchyards on Broadway. In his diary, after speaking of Trinity Church and St. Paul's as "both handsome structures," he added: "The adjoining churchyards, which occupy a large space of ground railed in from the street and crowded with tombstones, are far from being agreeable spectacles in such a populous city." The population of New York in that year, as he gives it, was 83,530, and in our more modern eyes would betoken rather an overgrown village than a metropolis.

In still another part of his journal, Mr. Lambert returns again to the assault on the churchyards, and insists that they are "unsightly exhibitions." "One would think," he says, "there was a scarcity of land in America to see such large pieces of ground in one of the finest streets of New York occupied by the dead. The

continual view of such a crowd of white and brown tombstones and monuments as is exhibited in the Broadway must tend very much to depress the spirits." Now, if it is well to see ourselves as others see us, we have here a very plain-spoken opinion about our city graveyards from the pen of a traveled Englishman, who generally spoke in terms of nothing but praise concerning the young metropolis, its inhabitants and their customs. But it is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and the fastidious critic might have found it profitable to carry a mirror in his trunk.

As a citizen, and not a stranger, I find few so attractive spots as these churchyards on Broadway. People write sentimentally about sleeping under the grasses and daisies of the country, and one good Bishop years ago dropped into poetry and requested to be so interred. But it has always struck me that the rural cemetery is intolerably lonesome. Even if the sleepers there do not need the comradeship of the living, it is undeniable that the grass is as green, the sunshine as golden, and the flowers as fragrant in the glebe around St. Paul's and Trinity, as where no piles of brick and mortar have blotted out the fields.

The dead have company here. The feet of the living pass up and down the street hard by, and among these footfalls are those of descendants of the quiet ones—of men who admire their record and women who love their memory. They are sleeping, too, in the shadows of the homes in which they lived and were happy. The roar of business is around them as they knew it in life, and once a week comes the quiet of the Sunday they observed. If no longer the waves of the river break against the pebbly beach that at first bounded St. Paul's churchyard, and through the bluff which looked down into the waters of the Hudson back of old Trinity, a street now passes, with two more streets of artificial make beyond, the burial place of the dead is there unchanged.

I have long believed that Trinity Parish has done New York no one greater benefit than in leaving the breathless dead to be companions to the thoughtless living. It is true, O eminent philanthropist, that these acres might have been sold for many pence and the money given to the poor; equally true, Sir Speculator, that the dust of the dead could not have resented being carted away to other dust heaps, but something would

have been lost to the living that no power of earth could restore. I never pass these colonies of tombstones without thanking the men who have stood sentinel over them and kept them in place. As they stand in their impressive silence, tall shaft and crumbling slab, they are more eloquent than any sermons, more full of tears and pathos than any print can create, more prompt to teach faith and hope than so many volumes of dogmatic theology. They who sleep beneath are not the dead, but the living. We know about them; have read of their faults and their virtues; have been told how they dared and endured; have looked into their eyes in galleries of old portraits, touched the hem of their garments still cherished by their grandchildren, held in our hands the little battered spoon in which their childish teeth made dents so many years ago. Go to! We are the dreamers and they are the folk of action. You shall be passing any night when the moon is shining on these grasses and look through the iron rails that keep out a disturbing world, and every stone shall cry out to you from its sculpturings and make you long to know the story of the ashes that was once a man or woman of your

world, and then you shall turn away and gaze upon the painted names of men that gleam from the walls of buildings across the way and that eagerly announce their business to the world, and you shall feel no such throb of sympathy nor sense of weird comradeship as when your face was set towards the dead. Did I not say that we are the dreamers?

There is no pleasanter spot in New York than the churchyard of old Trinity on a quiet Sunday morning in the Summer. There are flowers and grasses, the shade of graceful elms, fresh air and the twittering of birds—even the oriole and the robin still come back there every year in spite of the aggressive sparrow—and there is no end of companionship. It is a companionship which I like, because it is open and free. Here every man, woman and child, except the unquiet prowlers above ground, presents to our eyes a card of granite or marble, gravely telling his or her name, age and a few other particulars set forth, more or less elaborately—a quaint custom, but not a bad one for the living to adopt, if they would be equally frank about it.

Even in the days when the present church

building was new—more than forty years ago by the calendar—I found no more pleasant place in which to pass a half hour as a boy. It was a more unkempt place then, than now, and bluebirds and thrushes were more frequent visitors. I found an endless pleasure in tracing the inscriptions on the tombstones, and it was not long before I had familiar acquaintances, heroes and heroines, in every corner. Huge was my delight, too, when, with two or three companions, we could escape the eye of old David Lyon, the sexton, and hie down into the crypt beneath the chancel. There we saw yawning mouths of vaults, revealing to our exploring gaze bits of ancient coffins and forgotten mortality, and we poked about these subterranean corridors with dusty jackets and whispered words, finding its atmosphere of mould and mystery a strange delight. For somehow the unknown sleepers, then who seemed to have no means of making themselves known—unless it was through the musty tomes of Trinity's burial records—took strongest hold upon our sympathies, to say nothing of our curiosity.

Everybody who passes old St. Paul's can read

for himself the patriotism of General Montgomery, the civic virtues of Thomas Addis Emmet and the eminence of Dr. McNevin, for monument and shaft tell the story. So all visitors to the churchyard of old Trinity easily learn which are the tombstones of Alexander Hamilton, Captain Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, or William Bradford, the first Colonial printer, and where rest the bones of quiet Robert Fulton, the inventor, or dashing Phil Kearney; but there is no herald of the ordinary dead—of those who were simply upright men and good women in their day, and there could be none of the unknown dead who are said to far outnumber the lucky minority, the front doors to whose graves still stand and yet preserve their door plate, though the latch-key is gone.

The unknown dead! Perhaps I dwell upon them because in their ranks is the only one of my own family who sleeps beneath the spire of Trinity Church. So often, when I have slipped into the churchyard for a little respite from the world and the company of those who shall be my companions in the to-morrow, I think of my little uncle, Oscar, who died in the homestead of his

mother's family in Catharine Street nearly ninety years ago and was buried in this churchyard. Eldest born of the children, at five years of age his little feet went bravely climbing the hills of Beulah all alone. So often there comes to me a glimpse of a little golden head, a quaint little figure in old-time coat edged with lace—you ought to see his miniature for yourself and smile back into its sweet, serious baby eyes—and I wonder under which sod lies his tiny mite of dust and whether he knows that I am thinking of him as I pass. Sometimes I wonder if he ever regrets that he did not live to grow gray and scarred or whether he is not glad that he went to sleep just as the sun rose over the hilltop of his life, blessed by his mother's tears and his father's kiss. These things come to my thought even in the most unquiet hour of the day, after I have passed the iron gates that keep the sordid outside life away from me, and they do me good, I know. So much does one little grave, that blossoms all unknown in this garden of God, have power to teach things lovely and of good report. Even for the grasses that grow unidentified over my own dead I bless the church that has witnessed to a good

profession in the fight with mammon and that has kept God's acre green in city streets, that it might preach to men's withered hearts of sunshine, the soft dews and eternal peace.

Everybody knows the story of Alexander Hamilton's tragic death, and almost every stranger who enters Trinity Church yard asks to have his grave pointed out. But few know the tragedy that sent his eldest son to his death at nineteen, or ask to know which is his tomb. It was in 1801 that George L. Eacker, a brilliant young member of the New York bar and ardent friend of Aaron Burr, delivered the Fourth of July oration, and during the political campaign in the Fall his eloquence was derided by young Philip Hamilton, in the presence of a lady, and a duel followed. It was the fashion of the day to fight, and while the famous actor, Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, was second to Eacker, David S. Jones, private secretary to Governor Jay, did the same friendly office for young Hamilton. The latter fell mortally wounded, dying the next morning, and was buried in Trinity churchyard. Young Eacker died of consumption before three years had passed—before the elder Hamilton had also fallen victim to

the hideous custom he had sanctioned in behalf of his son—and is buried in St. Paul's churchyard, on the Vesey Street side. There is no difference between the blades of grass that blossom out from their dust in either churchyard every spring.

Statistics are a pet abhorrence of mine in age, as arithmetic used to be in youth, so it shall be sufficient to say just here that Trinity Church was first opened for worship in 1697, and that the original building was enlarged in 1735–36 and burnt down in 1776. The burial ground was granted by the city in 1703, on condition that it be neatly fenced and that the fees of burial be limited to 3*s.* 6*d.* for grown persons and 1*s.* 6*d.* for those under twelve years of age. It was the choice spot of burial for the English population of the city up to the time of the Revolution and afterwards.

I love to read in the newspapers of the period, the story of those who were interred here during this period. The names are but a sound in our ears, and they are among the unknown, but if the quaint obituaries are to be credited, they have risen to royal rank beyond the fogs and mists of Jordan. On the 19th of May, 1740, died Mrs.

Clarke, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, and it is worth while to listen to her praises, as told by the newspapers of the day: "She was a most Affectionate and Dutiful Wife, a Tender and Indulgent Parent, a Kind Mistress and sincere Friend; she was a fine, graceful Person, a most agreeable companion and of that Sweetness and Calmness of Temper that nothing could ruffle it or draw a hard Expression from her. She never failed of attending on the Public Worship of her Maker, when her Health would permit, and she dyed with that Calmness, Serenity and Resignation, that showed her truly Christian." The language is stilted, but is it not a sweet and satisfying picture? One could wish to have been present at her funeral. It was a rare spectacle for the little city. "On Thursday evening she was interred in a Vault in Trinity Church, with Remains of her Mother and the late Lady Cornbury, in the most handsome and decent manner; her Pall being supported by part of His Majesty's counsel for this Province, and some of the Ministers of the General Assembly, and attended by all the Ministers and most of the Principal Inhabitants of the city (minute guns being fired from

the Fort and sundry Vessels in the Harbour, during the Solemnity). And as it was a pleasure to Her in her Life to feed the Hungry, so on the day of the Funeral, a Loaf of Bread was given to every Poor Person that would receive it."

Side by side with this sweet portraiture of "a perfect woman nobly planned," should be placed the notice of the death of "the Worshipful and worthy John Cruger, Esq., Mayor of this City, whose affable, humane and most obliging Temper and Deportment justly gained him the Respect and esteem of all." He died in August, 1744, and was "very decently interred" in Trinity churchyard. Says the *Weekly Post Boy:* "He was a most tender and indulgent Parent, a kind Master, an upright Magistrate and a good Friend; and those to whom he was known, must acknowledge that he had and practised many excellent qualities, worthy of imitation; and as he always lived a sober, religious, good Life, so he died with great Calmness and Resignation."

There was another notable funeral in old Trinity when Sir Henry Moore, the only native American who was ever appointed governor of the Province, was buried with great pomp "in

the chancel." This took place in January, 1768, while the stamp act disturbances were at their height. A visitor to the city about ten years previously says, that "the church stands very pleasantly upon the banks of Hudson's River and has a large cemetery on each side, inclosed in the front by a painted paled fence." Exteriorly it was a fine edifice, 148 feet in length, including tower and chancel, and 72 feet in width, with a steeple 175 feet high. The inscription which now stands over the great door opening upon Broadway was then placed over the door facing the river. A glimpse within shows a noteworthy structure for a little city of 15,000 inhabitants. "The church," says the visitor just quoted, "is, within, ornamented beyond any other place of public worship among us. The head of the chancel is adorned with an altarpiece, and opposite to it, at the other end of the building, is the organ. The tops of the pillars, which support the galleries, are decked with the gilt busts of angels winged. From the ceiling are suspended two glass branches, on the walls hang the arms of some of its principal benefactors. The aisles are paved with flat stones." A funeral service of

state, with all the pomp and trappings of such ceremonial, must have been a most impressive sight, especially when, as was often the case, the burial took place by night. Yet the choice dust thus pompously and carefully put away on the stone shelf of a vault did not rest in more secure faith and hope than the more common dust around, which the roots of the elm entwined and from which the rose bushes and early violets drew their nourishment.

As I close this article the bells of Easter week are still speaking of resurrection and from the sod of the churchyard a myriad fresh buds reach up eagarly to add their witness, and a robin on the brown branch of an old elm is twittering to its swelling tips, all ripe with a wealth of green leaves. In my veins the blood of youth is coursing as delightedly as if I had not long since flung a half century of life behind me. And pausing as I passed out of the churchyard, at the border line of sod and flagging, I look up through the sunshine to see the shining faces of my friends who have been so long sleeping in this enclosure, and I know that their hearts are not older than mine, while their bodies have been dipped in the river of eternal youth.

II.

APRIL showers have brought May flowers. All through the land the woods are filled with the fragrance of wild honeysuckle and violets, and through the overarching sky of green leaves the blossoms of the dogwood shine in their whiteness like so many stars. In narrow city gardens the lilacs have begun to bloom, and the wistaria vines droop with their burdens of clustering flowers. Here, in the sleeping places of the dead, Spring has also put on her resurrection robes. Upon the elms the saffron buds have shot out tiny taper fingers of living green, as if the trees were ready to clap their hands and rejoice that the sunshine of Summer is coming again, while the grasses beneath their shadows, which cover quiet hearts that were restless enough in life, are eloquent with the lesson of seed-time and harvest. The seed-time of earth is the best pledge of the harvest of heaven, outside of a divine revelation. Surely the remembrance or earth's loves and losses, its songs and its tears, its laughter and its prayers, its fire-side circles and its happy homes, is proof that all is not ended here, but that in the here-

after the broken household group shall be made complete, and that we shall repeat in heaven all of earth but its tears and its graves.

This is a very democratic congregation which sleeps outside the walls of old Trinity. Death, like politics, makes strange bed-fellows. Within the church rises up daily the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men, and beneath the shadow of the cross that crowns the spire the ashes of saint and sinner make undistinguishable dust. God drops his mantle of forgiveness upon all, in the guise of daisies in summer and snowflakes in winter. Is it not strange that man cannot afford to do as much as his Maker? There came to me a letter, once, to say that if I eulogized a certain man who sleeps in the old churchyard, the dead would be assailed. O, pitiful weakness! A dagger thrust into a handful of dust is but a poor means of vengeance. On this sweet May morning, as I walk through the ancient acre of the dead, I thank God that there is in my heart no room for hatred, either of the living or of those who have passed beyond the swellings of Jordan. I have outlived them all. Let him who would also walk here in peace pause for a moment at

the gateway, and if he still cherishes any poor shreds of resentment, let him go and bury them out of sight before he brings his heart into the presence of the dead for judgment.

This is the special lesson for the month of May. From afar there comes the echo of martial music, the distant tread of advancing columns, the fragrance of a treasure-house of flowers, a sound of the flapping of torn and tattered banners, proclaiming that Decoration Day is at hand. Upon the graves of the patriot dead who are buried here, garlands of bud and blossoms will be laid. The graves of these men are found beside every pathway. Here stout old Francis Lewis, signer of the Declaration of Independence, rests; there repose the ashes of Alexander Hamilton; yonder is the grave of Marinus Willett, hero of two wars and recipient of high civic honors; there the tomb of General John Lamb, most ardent of Liberty Boys; here is the monument which commemorates the heroism of the gallant commander of the *Chesapeake* and his young lieutenant, and elsewhere one can find the stone which covers the vault in which impetuous Phil Kearney has found peace after life's fitful fever, and the memo-

rial erected by the firemen to brave Colonel Farnham, slain at Manasses, while in a far corner of the churchyard rises the tall freestone shaft which commemorates the unknown dead of the Revolution, the countless heroes who died of wounds or starvation in the prison pens over which the British flag floated, but whose memory smells sweet and blossoms in the dust. To deck the graves of these men and their comrades the people of the land are coming with their hands filled with flowers and their hearts fragrant with forgiveness for those whose error cost their lives. It is well for the country that it has added this festival to its calendar, if only to teach the wonderful beauty of charity.

It has been the habit of certain writers to represent the Episcopal Church in this country as having been the enemy of the movement for popular freedom in 1776, and the champion of England and her policy. The facts of history tell a different story. There was no American Episcopate until after the close of the Revolution, and hence at the outbreak of the war many of the clergy were Englishmen sent out here by the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the

Gospel, whose home ties and education naturally led them to take sides with the mother country. But the native clergy of the church were behind no others in unfaltering allegiance to the cause of independence. When the clash of arms came, the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg threw off his surplice after a farewell sermon in his church at Woostock, Virginia, stood before his flock in the full dress of a colonial colonel, and mustered almost his entire male audience into the service. Three hundred recruits marched away with him that day, and the close of the war found him a major-general and one of the most trusted advisers of Washington. Two future bishops of the Church, Croes of New Jersey and Ravenscroft of North Carolina, carried muskets, and won promotion on the field of battle. The Rev. Samuel Provoost, a native of this city, and assistant minister of Trinity Church, was forced to retire from his charge during the period of British armed occupation, because of his outspoken patriotism. When he returned the church was in ruins and the clergy of the parish scattered. But his energy speedily rebuilt the walls of Zion, and having been elected and consecrated Bishop, he lived to consecrate the new

edifice, and as he spoke the words of dedication he saw among his congregation the stately presence of Washington, the first President of the Republic.

So, in later years, when the country sought a final resting-place for the honored ashes of James Lawrence, commander of the *Chesapeake*, whose war-cry, "Don't give up the ship," still rang like a trumpet throughout the land, and no other place so fit as Trinity churchyard was found. Massachusetts claimed him, and Salem, whose citizens had watched the conflict from a distance, gave his remains magnificent obsequies; but New York was selected as the spot in which the hero's ashes should ultimately rest. On the 16th of September, 1813, a long procession, composed of members of both branches of the service and civilians, moved from the Battery up Greenwich Street to Chambers, and thence down Broadway to Trinity churchyard, where the body of Captain Lawrence was laid in a grave in the southwest corner of the grounds, far removed from public observation. Subsequently the city corporation erected there a simple but appropriate monument —a broken column of white marble, with the dis-

membered capital lying at its base. A generation later the corporation of Trinity Church determined to remove the remains to the more conspicuous position which they now occupy, and the handsome mausoleum, surrounded by eight trophy cannon attached by chains, which stands close by the southernmost entrance to the Church, is the first object that attracts the eyes of visitors. The cannon were selected from the arms captured from the English during the war of 1812–15, and, as in accordance with the law, each gun bore its national insignia, and an inscription declaring the time and place of capture, the vestry of Trinity Church, with a courtesy worthy the imitation of all Christian bodies, directed that they should be buried so deep that no evidence of triumph should be paraded before the public eye so as to seem unfriendly to the stranger within our gates. It was a fitting return for the gratifying respect paid to the remains of Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow on their arrival at Halifax, when the entire British garrison marched in the funeral procession, and the navy furnished the pall-bearers and guard of honor.

It is in this spirit that all the world can keep

Decoration Day, and stand with bowed head and proud tears by the grave of any man who gave up life for love of country or humanity. Those who were among the men who marched down Broadway on their way to the front during the long, dark struggle of thirty years ago can recall how the flag waved from the spire of old Trinity, and made them stronger with the remembrance that the prayers of good men and tender women would follow them to camp and field and burial trench. There was no one to question the patriotism of Trinity Parish then, for these graves of heroes—from Alexander Hamilton's at Trinity to Gen. Richard Montgomery's at St. Paul's—had for four-score years been preaching eloquently of the unflinching virtue of men trained up on the plain old-fashioned lines of "My duty to God" and "My duty to my neighbor."

I have spoken of this churchyard as a pure democracy. Look around and you will find it so. Actors and artists, soldiers and lawyers, merchants and firemen, two former federal Secretaries of the Treasury, three men who filled the office of Chief Justice in colonial times, two in New York and one in New Jersey, a score of aldermen

and assemblymen, printers, clergymen and sailors without limit, are close together here, but never jostle one another. Their tombstones were all familiar to me once, for boyish curiosity led me on from grave to grave to decipher the inscriptions, and I used to spend hours on my knees before them, poking the moss out of the letters and out of the eyes of the graven cherubs above the inscriptions, a rosy, merry antiquarian, and the antithesis of Walter Scott's restorer of tombstones. The graves were familiar to my eye, but I had a deep reverence for the people who occupied them; an awe, partly born of the inscriptions, which in former days always had the tendency of a funeral sermon and sought to flatter the deceased, somewhat as modern art rouges the lips of a corpse and seeks to rob death of its terrors. But there is one grave which lies so close to Broadway that a keen eye can catch upon the memorial stone its legend, which used to have a different effect upon me. I felt that I would have liked to know the occupant, and pictured him to myself as a gentleman of rotund build and rosy cheek, whose face beamed with good nature and who would have been tolerant of boys, even if

they were inclined to mischief. The stone is the memorial of a New York merchant, once an officer in the English army, one of whose descendants, Samuel F. B. Morse, was the father of the world's telegraph system, and beneath it rests earth that was once Sydney Breese, who died in 1767, and before death wrote the inscription which he desired on his tombstone. Here it is:

Ha, Sydney, Sydney!
Lyest thou Here?
I here Lye,
'Til time is flown
To its Extremity.

A quaint soul he must have been, and staunch withal, for he was ancestor of an eminent line, to some of whom he bequeathed sparkling bits of his humor.

One of the distinguished citizens who became Chief Justice of the colony of New York, was James De Lancey, who was also Lieutenant-Governor, and during vacancies administered the government for several years. He was found dead in his library, at his handsome country-seat on the Bowery road, in 1760, and was buried in the

middle aisle of Trinity .Church. Daniel Horsemanden, who married the widow of the Rev. William Vesey, rector of Trinity Church, was appointed Chief Justice in 1763. At the outbreak of the Revolution he espoused the royal cause, having been born and educated in England, but died in this city in 1778, and was buried in Trinity churchyard. David Jamison, who was at one time Chief Justice of New Jersey, and afterward Attorney-General of the Province of New York, and Recorder of this city, belonged to an earlier period of colonial history, having begun to hold office in 1693 as Clerk of the Council. A Scotchman by birth, he had been banished to America because he had become identified with a religious society called the "Sweet Singers," who believed in burning all books except the Bible. His religious views changed with his advancing years, and he became one of the leading vestrymen of Trinity Church, had a notable funeral, and was "very decently" interred in the graveyard.

One of the most noteworthy tablets in the whole assemblage of stones is that which covers the dust of William Bradford, fifty years printer to the colonial government, the first to print the

English Prayer-Book, and to issue proposals to print the English Bible here, and always an example of piety, integrity and patriotism. Revered as the earliest champion of the freedom of the press in this country, he left to his descendants an inheritance of love of country and undaunted couarge in its cause which bore fruit in the gallant career of his grandson, Colonel William Bradford, also a printer, who sacrificed life and fortune in the war for independence. Very tame by the side of such a record is the story of John Lawrence, an eminent merchant, who married a daughter of Philip Livingston, and whose body was interred in the family vault of the Earl of Sterling. He died in 1765, and the celebrated George Whitfield, then in the zenith of his renown, preached his funeral sermon. But peace has her victories no less than war, and who shall say that the stainless life of the upright man of business is not as proud a trophy in the eyes of the Creator as the patriotic sacrifice of the soldier's life, or the triumph that is won over the oppressor by the wisdom of patriotic statesmanship?

Of all the inscriptions in the churchyard of old Trinity, the most pathetic, as well as the most of

a poem in stone, is that which tells of the death of the widow of Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*. More than fifty years of lonely life elapsed between the bright May morning in which she had kissed her brave young husband good-bye and the quiet September evening in which she set out to meet him again. She was in the bloom of her youthful beauty when they parted, and he passed beyond the veil in the glory of his early manhood, stalwart and rosy and unwrinkled; now, as she laid down her burden of life she was bent, withered and white-haired. Did they know each other when they met eye to eye, and face to face? Are these wrinkles and crippling pains but marks of earth which we throw off as we enter the portal of the house with many mansions? Will not the eye which is spiritual, and not natural, see in its dear dead, only the loveliness of the soul and the radiant beauty of the heart which never grows old? The fountain of eternal youth was sought by Ponce de Leon in vain, but the priests who bore the standard of the cross in his expedition might have told him that it lies just within "the gate beautiful" of the temple eternal in the heavens. If it were possible

that it should be otherwise, the disappointment would imply the deception of a doomed world. I know, as I look at this brief, but most pathetic, story of woman's unforgetfulness carved on the stone mausoleum, that some one who had been listening long, but with no count of years, heard her footsteps, and, hastening to clasp her hand found her even lovelier than he had remembered And to this belief every flower and leaf of May answers back, "Amen!"

III.

If I were a physician, and one of those busy men of Wall Street, who complain of the wear and tear of an unresting brain which brings sleeplessness and prostration in its train, came to me for advice, I should prescribe a daily half-hour walk in the churchyard of old Trinity. As a panacea, I believe that garden of the dead to be worth its value in gold every year to the public whose eyes turn from the dusty street to its trees and flowers, and from grimy pavements to the coverlet of white which is drawn by unseen hands over the unconscious sleepers. The sight of its green grasses that recall distant and half-forgotten meadows; of its banks of snow that bring back the old farm-house of childhood and the trees that waved their bare arms above it in the wintry wind; of the graves that are always tenderly eloquent of vacant chairs at every hearthstone, changes the current of the blood, quickens the sluggish beating of the heart and breathes peace and healing into the tired and overworked brain.

There is nothing sad but everything that is

cheering in a walk among these graves. It was the last survivor of the apostles, who, after nearly a century of life, heard a voice from Heaven which said: "Blessed are the dead." The dew and the sunshine rest upon their sleeping places; the birds sing their sweetest songs to them as they perch upon their crumbling tombstones, and the din and tumult of the outer world is unable to mar the slumber of the tenants of the sod who now rest from their labors. So quiet, so peaceful, so sure of a sweet awakening is their sleep, that many an unresting laborer for riches in the busy streets on which the shadow of the church-spire falls, could envy them their dreamless rest, if but his work were done and the eventide had come to release him.

On a bright October afternoon, not many days ago, I took my own prescription of a half-hour's stroll in Trinity churchyard; having full faith in the medicine that I recommend to others. The leaves had fallen from many of the trees, but the grass was green and there was a radiant touch of autumn in the foliage that remained. A blue bird that had come in March, and who with his comrades had passed the skirmish line of the advanc-

ing army of birds sat piping a farewell song on the branch of a little maple. It was not like his merry melody in the spring, full of violets, running brooks and warm southwest winds, but was a lament that the birds had gone and that he must follow them. I heard him afterwards going round from tree to tree, erecting his altar now here, now there, in his leafy cathedral and making his offering, and I knew that he meant to come back with another March. For it seems to me that the same omnipotence which puts an unerring compass in the head of the little feathered bunch of melody to guide him, must also put there dreams of the shadows and sunshine, the trees and flowers of the old churchyard which is every year vocal with the songs of birds, and so when spring returns, they come back and cradle their young on the branches in which they swung in their infancy.

On the trunks of the elms the woodpeckers were at work, like so many sextons, digging countless graves in the dark, hard bark. I watched one who wore a red velvet cap and white underclothes and seemed to have wrapped a silken shawl about him and who was boring away at a decayed por-

tion of the tree, hitching around, hammering and digging, without paying the slightest regard to my existence. I felt as insignificant in the presence of the busy, bustling little fellow as if I had intruded upon the business hours of a Wall street broker. He is as reticent as the bluebird is talkative, but I have a profound respect for that noisy activity of his, which I have never been able to imitate. Presently both woodpecker and bluebird will be gone and then the senseless chattering of the ubiquitous sparrow will alone be heard until the warm winds once more blow from the south. Now do you understand, O wearied man of ceaseless activities, how the song of that bluebird and the sight of the redcapped woodpecker did me more good that day than could have been accomplished by the contents of an entire apothecary shop?

Yet birds and trees are but incidents of a half hour's walk in the old city graveyard. To the New Yorker who takes patriotic pride in the place of his birth and to the American citizen who has made his home here, there is not a crumbling tombstone in the consecrated enclosure that does not bring up recollections to stir his heart to the

core. There is a complete history of New York, from the day when it passed into the possession of those who spoke our language and professed our creed, written on these stones, and in the names graven on the slabs that cover the entrances to family vaults, there are links that connect with the time of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant and reach back almost to the day when Governor Minuit purchased from the red man the title to the territory of Manhattan Island.

Come with me to the southwest corner of the building where in the pavement is inserted a slab which bears the inscription "Anthony Lispenard Bleecker, 1790." Five generations of the family sleep there, and though the stone is but a century old, it has nearly two centuries and a half of new world history attached to it. Jan Jansen Bleecker came to New Amsterdam in 1658, but he settled at Albany and became mayor of that town and the father of ten children. It was an era of abundant olive branches around the family table, and when his grandson, Jacobus Bleecker, who married a daughter of Anthony Lispenard, of New Rochelle, looked around to see how he should dispose of his nine children, one of the flock

struck out for himself and came to New York, where fame and fortune awaited him.

It was in 1768 that he set up in business at No. 10 Pearl Street, on Hanover Square, as a merchant and the only licensed colonial auctioneer. His early advertisements offered for sale puncheons of Jamaica rum and "likely negro boys and wenches," as well as choice bits of city real estate below Wall Street and farms above the canal and the Collect Pond. Like other merchants of his day he lived in the rooms above his store and it was not until his thirteen children demanded more space to turn around in that he settled down at No. 74 Broadway in a house of old-fashioned yellow brick imported from Holland, which grey-haired men of New York can yet recall. A staunch churchman, he was a vestryman of Trinity Church and his son and grandson have filled the same office. The grandson, Anthony J. Bleecker, was perhaps the most famous of his line. A fine scholar, a courteous gentleman and celebrated for his wit, no social gathering of my boyhood was complete without his presence. He had rounded four-score and four years of a spotless life, when he was called to go up higher. His body was the

last one interred in the family vault, his funeral taking place January 19th, 1884.

The record of the Bleecker family illustrates what I had in mind to say, that the mossy broken letters carved on these crumbling tombstones are as complete a story of the past of New York as in their way are the countless hieroglyphics on the tombs and public buildings of Pharaohs that aim to tell of the glories of ancient Egypt. A score of lines converge at a single square of brown stone that bears but a name and a date. The earliest of the Bleeckers married into the Rutgers family. One of his sons wedded a daughter of the Schuyler lineage, at Albany. The father of Anthony J. Bleecker took for his bride a daughter of Theophylact Bache, first President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. It is but a step from the Bleecker vault to that of the Lispenards, who were early allied to them by marriage. Both families were originally Huguenot and came naturally into the fold of the mother church of England, defender of the old, pure faith. Leonard Lispenard, most famous of his line, was a member of the Stamp Act Congress and an ardent patriot. The male line has disappeared and the Lispenards

all sleep in the family vault, but the blood of these brave old Huguenots and churchmen comes through the veins of men and women who bear the names of Stewart, Webb, Livingston, Le Roy and Winthorp, and who have reason to be proud of their lineage. A street which bears the name of the last of the Lispenards is said to have led from Broadway to his country seat, built on a hill near the present junction of Hudson and Desbrosses Street, overlooking the swampy ground on which St. John's Church was built and the little lake that afterwards formed part of St. John's Park.

South of the Bleecker vault and on the row east of the monument to Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson, is the burial place of the Livingston family. The slab bears the inscription: "The Vault of Walter and Robert C. Livingston, sons of Robert Livingston, of the Manor of Livingston." Among its tenants is the body of Robert Fulton, the builder of America's first steamboat, and he could not sleep in more illustrious company. It is worth while to pause here and look over the gap in the history of the colonies, which this one family filled.

Robert Livingston, scion of a noble Scotch house, first appears in colonial history with Sir Edmund Andros, as Secretary of Indian affairs. From that time his life reads like a romance. Through Andros he became possessor of a manor and an extensive patent of lands and his fortune seems to be made. Next we see him imprisoned in the fort at the Battery by command of Governor Leisler; then standing in front of the scaffold on which Leisler and Milborne were executed and denounced by the latter as his murderer; presently at the Court of King William, in England, introducing Captain Kidd, the renowned privateer and subsequent pirate, to his Majesty; after a while denounced to the authorities, and his entire possession confiscated to the crown, and in the end dying with his hands full of riches and honors, none of which could the ambitious man carry away with him. His son Philip, while succeeding to his father's honors, took life more easily and sought and found enjoyment in his three princely establishments. When in March, 1749, his funeral was celebrated from his imposing town mansion on Broad Street, a pipe of spiced wine was opened, gloves and handkerchiefs were given

to each of his tenants, and in case of the eight pall bearers, scarfs, mourning rings and monkey spoons were added.

Yet these men, though born to luxury, were none the less self-sacrificing patriots when the pinch came. Judge Robert R. Livingston, third of his line, was made chairman of the Revolutionary Committee of Correspondence and member of the Stamp Act Congress, while his cousin, Philip Livingston, a merchant of this city, became a delegate to the first Continental Congress, signed the Declaration of Independence, remained at his post when Congress fled from Philadelphia to York, Pa., and died there, in the harness, before he could see the fruit of his labors and sacrifices. The fame of the colonial Livingston family culminated in Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, the intimate friend of Washington and of the great builders of the republic, at whose hands the first President took the oath of office. He did good service in the Continental Congress and in having the federal constitution adopted by his native state, and as Secretary of Foreign Affairs and Minister to France developed rare statesmanship. Follow-

ing these heroic founders of the house of Livingston come an innumerable company who have done good service in field and forum and diplomacy and in our municipal government. Looking back over their past, one is tempted to say, that nothing better can be told of a good citizen than can be said of them, that the history of their family is the story of the land and city in which they live. And yet there is one thing better still than the civic crown. The shadow of the cross to which they trusted lies over their grave and back from the sod comes an echo to say that these all died in the faith.

There is one of those squares of brown stones which is a special object of interest to thousands with each recurring Decoration Day, because it points out where after life's fitful fever the restless heart of Gen. Philip Watts Kearney is sleeping quietly. His body was placed in the tomb of his ancestors—the Watts family vault—and the veterans who recall the hero of Chantilly and many another hard-fought field, gather here year by year and with bared head and proud words of remembrance cover the stone with the blossoms of May. But apart from the brilliant record of its

soldier tenant, the tomb deserves honors at the hands of sons of New York. It has its own historical renown.

About the year 1710 there came to New York from the ancient family estate of Rosehill, near Edinburgh, a young man of many personal attractions and of rare culture, named Robert Watts. He had money of his own, was a friend of the government and in five years' time was appointed a member of Governor Hunter's council. To him was born in 1715 a son who afterwards became the celebrated John Watts, a member of the governor's council, as his father had been, and recognized as one of the leading statesmen of the period. His marriage to a sister of Lieutenant-Governor DeLancey, allied him to the leading families of the little city and linked him to the pioneer history of the colony. Socially he was a power. He built a fine city mansion at No. 3 Broadway, whose gardens extended to the water and his country seat reaching from the East River to Broadway and covering Madison Square was in summer a favorite resort of the then existing Four Hundred of society. As the confidential adviser of the governor he became imbued with

the spirit of loyalty to the crown and was proportionately obnoxious to the Liberty Boys. When the British troops entered New York he prepared to flee. A mob of excited citizens caught him on the steps of his own house and threatened death and destruction. Just at that moment Judge Robert R. Livingston was returning from court in his scarlet robes and saw the danger of his friend whom he dearly loved though differing from him politically. Whispering to Watts where to conceal himself, he began a speech to the throng and held them spellbound with his oratory until his friend was safe. That night Watts embarked on a man-of-war and before a year had passed both were dead. The incident came back to me as I turned from the tablet of one family to the other and thought how joyful must have been the meeting of the two friends in the land where there are no wars.

John Watts, son of the exile, apparently did not sympathize with his father's opinions but cast in his lot on the patriot side. In the great Federal procession of 1788, which celebrated the ratification by the state of the Constitution of the United States we see him, a model of masculine beauty,

clad as a farmer riding at the head of a troop of gentlemen farmers; later we find him elected Speaker of the Assembly and filling many offices of trust; founding the Leake & Watts Orphan Asylum at the age of eighty and on the eve of his death, seven years later, riding on horseback past old Trinity, erect and graceful, the admiration of the pedestrians who thronged the "Mall," as the Broadway promenade between the Battery and St. Paul's was then called.

The matrimonial connections of this family were what society would call brilliant. Robert, the oldest son of the first John Watts, married a daughter of the Earl of Stirling, known in the Republican court of Washington as Lady Mary Watts. One daughter married Archibald Kennedy, her next-door neighbor, at No. 1 Broadway, who became the eleventh Earl of Cassilis. Three other daughters married respectively Sir John Johnson, Philip Kearney and Major Robert Leake. None of the five sons of the second John Watts were married, but one of his daughters married her cousin Philip Kearney, and became the mother of the hero of Chantilly, and another wedded Frederic de Peyster, and her son is the well-

known General J. Watts de Peyster. It is a famous family line, but as I stand by the side of the stone that covers but heaps of crumbling ashes, I know that none of these things are written down in the books of record that stand in the celestial archives, waiting to be opened for judgment. None, did I say? The story of the gathering in of orphans into an asylum of refuge, the good deeds of a hand ready to give to all who were in want, are written there in letters of gold.

One of the most picturesque spots on Manhattan Island, and a relic of old times well worth a pilgrimage, is the old Watts mansion, at about 141st Street, and midway between 6th and 7th Avenues. For half a dozen blocks the streets have not been cut through and this part of the estate is a farm of substantial size, with all rural accessories. The great square house with its tall columns in front and its observatory which has seen a city grow up about it of late years, was a conspicuous object in the landscape when the Watts family transferred their country house from the East River and Madison Square to a spot which they were sure the slowly-growing city would not disturb for a couple of centuries. Now

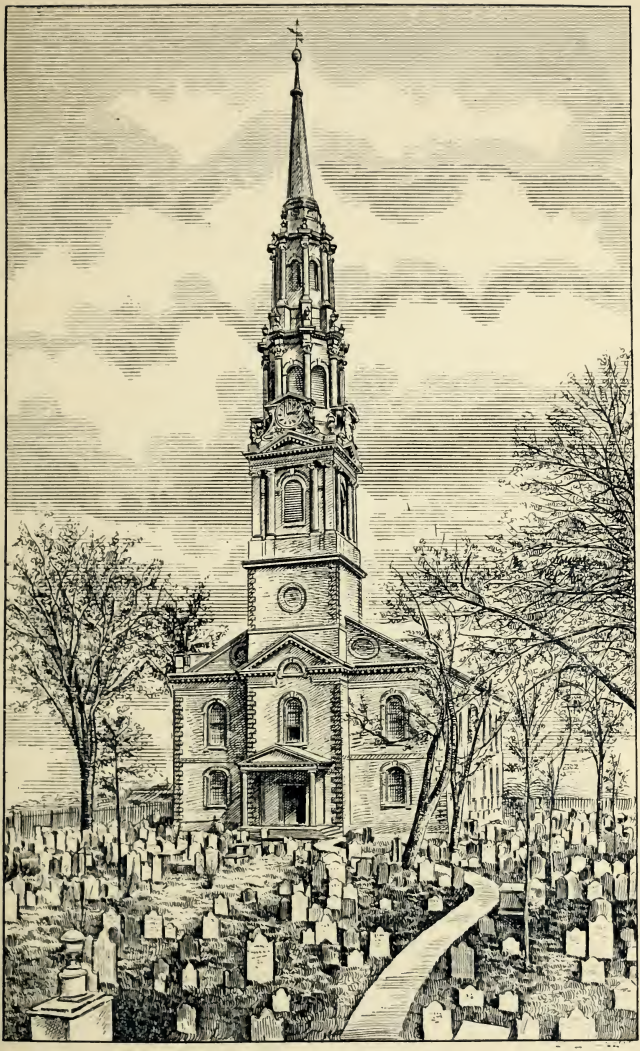
the authorities are eager to cut streets through the green sward and level the great groups of oaks and cottonwood that lend an air of age and dignity to the place. The old New York merchant and man of affairs was a comfortable sort of soul and liked to have his little farm and ample mansion on the upper part of the island of Manhattan and of these few remain The Gracie mansion is to be swallowed up in the East River Park in a few months, the "Grange" of Alexander Hamilton has been moved and remodelled into a new St. Luke's church, and none can tell how long the old Watts homestead and the newer stone mansion on the same street, a stately building whose owners still bear the name of Watts, will resist the march of improvement. Old Anthony Lispenard Bleecker had a farm which reached from the Bowery to Minetta Lane and from Bond Street nearly to Houston, but not one acre of it now belongs to the family and only the name of the street near its lower boundary recalls the name of its early possessors. So goes the world of change. In one case a family name becomes extinct in the direct line, in another its wealth is diverted into the hands of innumerable

descendants, and we have no choice in the matter, even if we desired to make it or knew how to choose. And this is one of the lessons that a walk in the old churchyard, under the golden sun of October and amid falling leaves impresses upon the overworked harvesters in the world's field. The sheaves are golden but we cannot tell who shall gather them.

The other day, as we walked from the old Watts' place to the neighborhood of Hamilton Grange, Master Felix Oldboy who walked by my side and held my hand tightly in his own, said: "New York is growing up into the woods—look!" Through little knots of forest trees and across boulders of vine-clad primeval rocks, we could see blocks of new houses that looked as if they had been dropped there in a night. Close at hand a laborer was plying his axe against the trunk of a lordly oak, undoing in an hour the work of centuries. With the stroke of the cruel steel there came back to me the remembrance of an old-time school in which, some fifty years ago, I sat under the ministrations of an old-fashioned teacher. Like many of his kind, he loved to hear himself talk, and once in a while he uttered a

thought worth keeping in memory. One of his maxims, frequently heard, was this: "The boy who would injure a shade tree would kill a man." It was an exaggeration, of course, but I think it taught us all to have a reverence for the leafy children of the forest.

Often when I pass St. Paul's I think of old Sexton Brown, who planted the ancient elms in the churchyard. He passed away long decades ago, and his grandson grew up to be a Bishop of the Church and died, but the trees still live and give out a grateful shade. What hands planted those in Trinity's garden of the dead I do not know, but they deserve to be chronicled, for they builded better than they knew and through leaf and branch have spoken words of hope and cheer to countless thousands. If the many men who plod outside will try my prescription, and come within the sacred enclosure and walk under the overarching trees and between the graves, they will gather health and something better still, for, even in November the bare boughs will whisper to them of a spring that is coming after the snows of winter, and of a new life that will break the sleep of bud and leaf and blossom and make all the trees of the wood to rejoice before the Lord!



ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

IV.

THERE has been a fall of snow upon the churchyards, and the white flakes, after whirling like disembodied blossoms of summer over the housetops and through the streets, settled down upon the graves of the blessed dead as silently and sweetly as if they were a benediction from heaven. With the next day, the sun shone brightly, and up through many a rent in the white coverlet of the snow, the grass, that had kept its greenness in spite of wintry blasts, peeped triumphantly again, speaking of resurrection in the language God gave it; when, after having created it and realized its loveliness, He "saw that it was good." A ragged urchin stood at the iron railing of the churchyard of old Trinity, and pointing to the grass that was struggling up to the sunshine, said to a boy as unkempt as himself: "See, Billy, it's summer yet under the snow!" The lad who spoke may never know why a man with white hair who was passing and heard him, pressed something into his hand and with "Thank you, my boy," walked quickly away, leaving him dazed with astonishment. Yet it

may be that the chance word of the child of the streets—if anything be chance in a world where no sparrow falls to the ground without notice—has already been sunshine upon the snows of a heart that had thought its roots of tenderness buried beyond hope of resurrection.

There is to me a peculiar significance in the fact that the oldest known grave in Trinity churchyard is that of a child. It is as if He who knew the hearts of men and understood the wild currents of human passion that swell and roar around this quiet acre of the dead, had again taken a little child and set him in the midst of the living. Here is the quaint record of a babe whose death left a vacant chair in a New York household of more than two centuries ago:

W·C·
HEAR · LYES · THE · BODY
OF · RICHARD · CHVRCH
ER · SON · OF · WILLIA
M · CHVRCHER · WHO ·
DIED · THE · 5 OF · APRIL
1681 · OF · AGE 5 YEARS
AND · 5 · MONTHES

The brown and broken slab which bears this

inscription stands in the nothern half of the churchyard, is of sandstone, and on its back are cut in high relief a winged hour glass and a skull and cross bones. The artistic care bestowed upon this mute memorial shows that the little one left aching hearts as well as a vacant chair behind him. Next in point of age, and standing next to it in the enclosure, is the tombstone of a young girl, who was evidently a sister of little Richard Churcher. Its inscription reads: "Here Lyeth the Body of Anne Churcher. Died May the 14, 1691, Aged 17 Years and 3 Quarters. Buryed May the 16, 1691."

When these graves were dug, New York, a little city of barely three thousand inhabitants, had but recently come into possession of the English. The members of the established church held service in a little chapel in the Fort, to which Queen Anne had presented a silver communion set, and Trinity parish had not been organized. The first church edifice was begun in 1696 and finished in 1697. In the Governor's glebe in which it was erected a graveyard already existed, and when in May of 1697 the Assembly, with the approval of the Governor and Council, passed an act by which

"a certain church and steeple lately built in the city of New York, together with a parcel of ground adjoining" was to be known as Trinity Church, this burial spot was included, and the shadow of the spire has ever since rested upon the tombs of the young brother and sister. They passed away in one of the most unquiet epochs that the city has ever known. The revolution of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, the imprisonment of the seven bishops in the Tower by James the Second of England and the revolution which raised William of Orange to the throne of Great Britain, created terrible alarm on this side of the ocean and finally bore fruit in an uprising which made Jacob Leisler, as a champion of Protestantism, the virtual ruler of New York. On the very day in which Anne Churcher was borne to her grave, Leisler was hung, on a charge of treason, in his own garden on Park Row, about where the statue of Benjamin Franklin now stands, and was buried at the foot of the scaffold, to be disinterred and carried to an honored grave a few years later. There was a striking contrast in the two funerals on that stormy day of May (for history says it was tempestuous) and between the fate of the fair young

girl and this first and last execution in New York for a political crime.

I like to find tombstones erected over the dust of little children. It is a matter of obligation to place a stone upon the grave of the dead statesman, soldier or merchant, but the babe is apt to be forgotten except by the mother that nursed it, and the world does not always take account of these infants of a span whose angels behold our Father's face. One cannot help but think the better of human nature when he comes across the memorials of white souls that cast no shadow in the world and of little feet that left no print behind them save on the loving hearts they left behind when they walked with God up the hills of Beulah. A strange character in this city, who was known to everybody two generations ago as "the mad poet," said, when he lay dying in one of our hospitals, "In Heaven I shall have what I love most—plenty of fresh air, flowers and little children." I have always thought that the man with such a heart was certainly not more crazy than his critics.

In the southern half of the churchyard is a tombstone which has withstood the storms of

more than one hundred and thirty years, and which attracted my notice even as a boy because of the quaintness of the verses which testify to the virtues of a child. More than forty years have passed since I first read them and they preach more powerfully now than then, in the light of the intervening days. The inscription says that beneath the stone "lies ye Body of Mary Wragg," and that she "departed this Life, Oct. 29, 1759, in ye 11th year of her Age." Then follows this remarkable tribute to her memory:

Her days Whear short as ye Winter's Sun
from Dust she came to Heaven return.
Beneath
this Child a-sleeping Lies
to Earth whose ashes Lent
More Glorious shall hereafter Rise
tho' not more Inocent.
When the archangle's Trump shall Blow
and Souls and Bodyes Joyn,
What Crowds will wish their lives Below
Had been as short as thine.

It is noticeable in connection with this inscription that our ancestors were not always gifted in the art of spelling, and indeed nobody thought of criticising so great a man as George Washington because he was not as familiar as he might have

been with the mysteries of the spelling book. Not far from the tombstone last mentioned are two small headstones which stand side by side and indicate the graves of two infants belonging to the same family, who successively bore the name which is spelled "Hellen" on one stone and "Hellin" on the other. The same peculiarity is even observable in some of the family names, which, as graven on stone, differ from the commonly received nomenclature.

In walking among these ancient tombstones I am grimly reminded of a remark made by the late Rev. Dr. Hallam, of New London. Sitting in the library of Bishop Williams, at Middletown, Connecticut, he startled that prelate by abruptly exclaiming, "I wonder whether we shall have to live in the next world with the sort of cherubim that we see carved on tombstones. I really hope not, for I fancy that it might be disagreeable." The fancy might readily be forgiven by one who has made a study of the winged heads that adorn many of the funereal slabs in Trinity churchyard. They are of every degree of gruesomeness, only each a little more horrible than the others. Yet the artists meant well and have

discovered their mistake by this time. That there is no accounting for tastes is a truism learned early in life, and some of these memorial stones emphasize the fact. One in particular which consists of two slabs joined in one, has a skull carved in relief at the head of each division of the slab, but turned in different directions. The inscription on one side is "T. S., H. S., D. S., I. S., S. S., 1731," and on the other "H. L., 1731." As a bid to provoke curiosity the inscriptions are a success.

I have spoken of the variation in the spelling of family names, and a conspicuous instance is the inscription on the stone which marks "Marinus Willit's Vault." His autograph reads "Marinus Willett," and by this name he is equally distinguished in martial and civic annals. The career of this illustrious son of a Long Island farmer covers a wide stretch of this country's history. At eighteen he was lieutenant in a colonial regiment that participated in the disastrous attack on Ticonderoga in 1758; at thirty-five he was one of the most active leaders of the Liberty Boys in this city; as colonel of a Continental regiment he accompanied Gen. Montgomery in

the expedition against Quebec and fought at Monmouth; made a Brigadier-General by President Washington, he fought in the Indian wars; subsequently he was sheriff and mayor of the city, and in 1830, in his ninety-first year, his body was laid at rest in the family vault. As I stood by his grave and looked around the sacred enclosure, I could not help thinking of the change that had been wrought since his day in the conduct of our municipal affairs. Elected Mayor in 1807, his hands were upheld by a Board of Aldermen whose members were men of acknowledged ability and integrity, who accepted the office as a civic duty. They were the fathers of the city, indeed, and to the fact that they held the administration of municipal affairs to be a grave responsibility, New York is indebted for its present prosperity. Close to the tomb of Mayor Willett are the ashes of some of the men who served with him in the city's councils. Among these were Peter Mesier, who was Alderman from 1807 to 1818; John Slidell, who held the same office in 1807 and 1808; Augustine H. Laurence, Alderman from 1809 to 1816 and Wynant Van Zandt, Jr., who served as Alderman from 1802 to 1806. They were all

gentlemen of high social standing, eminent in business and professional life, and were members of the vestry of Trinity Church. But we can hardly fancy a vestryman of to-day consenting to allow his name to be mentioned in connection with the office of Alderman.

Near the railing at the Rector Street side of the churchyard is a stone which is liable to escape the scrutiny of most eyes by its modest insignificance. It bears two inscriptions. The first, "G. Bend's Vault" is indistinct and evidently much older than the second, which reads, "Bishop Benj. Moore and Charity His Wife." Second Bishop of New York, President of Columbia College, an accomplished scholar and a man of rare loveliness of character, the entire ministerial life of Benjamin Moore was identified with Trinity Parish. The records show that during the thirty-seven years of his connection with Trinity Church, he baptized more than three thousand infants and adults and solemnized no less than three thousand five hundred marriages. My own family Bible shows that in 1804 my grandfather was married by him, and the other day as I looked at the little stone half hidden among the grass and snow, I

could not help wondering if they had met and talked the wedding over in that land where there are no such ceremonials.

In the early days of the Parish, the Bishop of London was the nominal rector of Trinity Church, and several years before the war of the Revolution broke out young Benjamin Moore went across the Atlantic and was ordained deacon and priest by the Bishop of London in the chapel of the Episcopal palace at Fulham. But he did not leave his heart in the mother country. At the pretty country-seat of the widow of Captain Thomas Clarke, formerly of the British army, which extended from Twentieth to Twenty-third Streets and from Ninth Avenue to the river, he found his help-meet in her daughter Charity—a name most appropriate to the gentleness of character which distinguished both husband and wife. Captain Clarke called his place Chelsea, in honor of the home into which England gathers her veteran and invalided soldiers, and the designation, which afterwards gave its name to a lovely, rural village clustered on the banks of the Hudson, still adheres to the locality, though all traces of village lines were wiped out years ago. At this spot

Bishop Moore passed the latter part of his life, dispensing a generous hospitality, and partly because of his profession and in part for some fancy as to its shape, his house was known in the neighborhood as "The Pulpit." Cut down to the dimensions of a single block, the old tree-clad place remained as a landmark up to some thirty years ago, and I recall its loveliness vividly as a rustic oasis in city streets. But to my eyes it was enchanted ground for the reason that in the old house hidden among the trees dwelt Clement C. Moore, the man—for whose profound scholarship and for the fact that he was the son of Bishop Moore I did not care—who had written the child's jingle of the century:

"'Twas the night before Christmas."

Looking back through the sweet associations of more than half a century of Christmas days, and writing with the fragrant dawn of another Christmas upon us, I know not what happier fate could befall one than to have generations of little ones rise up to call him blessed because of the work of his pen, which has added a fresh charm to the

season that belongs specially to them by right of inheritance from the babe of Bethlehem.

As I close this day's walk through the churchyard of old Trinity, a voice from the secular press calls attention to a forgotten grave and in doing honor to the dust which it encloses, pointedly emphasizes the great historical value of these monumental stones. Two gentlemen wandering through the middle north side, came to a moss covered slab, nearly hidden by the sod. The letters of the inscription, worn by the weather of nearly two centuries, were almost undecipherable, and it needed patient tracing to read the legend: "Benj. Faneuil, Died March 31, 1719, Aged 50 yrs. 8 mos. Born in Rochell, France." All the world has heard of Faneuil Hall, in Boston, famous as the "Cradle of American Liberty," built by Peter Faneuil and by him presented to Boston in 1740. But few New Yorkers know that Benjamin Faneuil, father of Peter Faneuil, was a resident of this city, and sleeps beneath the trees of Trinity churchyard. The family, driven out of France by the cruel revocation of the Edict of Nantes by which Protestants were tolerated in that kingdom, came to this country with a large

colony of Huguenots in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Industrious, godly and devout, they were a welcome addition to the population of New York, and they were not long in building a church of their own on Pine Street—now known as the Episcopal Church Du Saint Esprit—and in founding within sight of the salt waves of the Sound a New Rochelle which should recall at least by name the memory of their old home. Their identity as a distinct class has long been lost, but old men have told me that they have a distinct remembrance of the throng of worshippers who came to the city every Sunday to worship in the Pine Street church. They left New Rochelle at dawn and walked to the city in a body, men, women and children, returning at nightfall, and thinking nothing of the journey in comparison with the blessing they sought and found. When the heat and cold of earth are ended and the sunshine of the resurrection has come, and these devout children of the kingdom go trooping up to the great white throne, I wonder if some of us who have had more privileges will not be glad to sit at the feet of those men of simple faith ?

V.

A PERSON has written to one of the daily papers suggesting that a monument shall be erected in Trinity churchyard to the memory of Benjamin Faneuil, father of the patriot who gave Faneuil Hall to Boston. But unfortunately there are scores of candidates for immortality in marble ahead of the worthy old Huguenot, and if once the special monument business is entered upon it will not be ended until the pretty rural burial place is transformed into a grove of glittering shafts. Beginning with such men as Bishop Moore, Robert Fulton, Alexander Hamilton, Gen. Willett, Francis Lewis, signer of the Declaration of Independence, the Earl of Stirling, Gen. Lamb, Chief Justice Horsmanden, and a host of old time worthies, where shall the list end? The shaft in modern times has become merely the marble finger that points down to a grave in which the erstwhile possessor of riches is buried, and is no longer the indication of love and trust that looks up to Heaven. Far better is the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Mulchahey that old St. Paul's shall be made a Pantheon of memorials to the illustrious dead

of the church. If this were done the old walls would become a history of the city in stone. The stranger would pass through the aisles and read in every nook and corner the story of heroic patriotism, of lives devoted to the welfare of church, commonwealth and city, of the men who in each century towered above their fellows crowned with laurels that were not visible until they were dead. Men would read the records with a quickening of sluggish hearts such as they had not known for years, and it would not need the presence of the vested priest in the chancel and the pealing of the organ, to send them across the threshold of the church with the feeling that they had never stood so close to the glories of eternity.

If, on the other hand, I were asked to whom the first shaft in the churchyard of Trinity should be erected, I should say, unhesitatingly, to the old merchants of New York. It was a merchant and vestryman of Trinity Church who signed the Declaration of Independence, and gave his fortune freely to the patriot cause. Other merchants and vestrymen drew the sword, and like General Matthew Clarkson, won high military honors in the field. From the business men of New York

the parish has for two hundred years drawn the prudent, sagacious counsellors who have so administered its affairs as to have made it a blessing to the entire municipality. At the upper end of the churchyard stands a shaft to the unknown soldiers of the Revolution whose dust mingles with the soil of God's acre, and it would be an act of justice to balance it by a shaft at the lower end telling how much the parish owes to the business men whose graves are scattered over the ground. In a book that has to do with the old merchants of New York, and that was written some thirty years ago, I read, recently, that "a fair test of the standing of a man in this city is to be found in the fact that he has been a Governor of the New York Hospital." Then the writer goes on to say that "perhaps the best test, as it is the oldest, for selecting worthy men, is the corporation of Trinity Church. For 160 years that society has selected its vestrymen from the very cream of the cream of our best citizens. You cannot point to a black sheep in the entire list from 1698." Is not this a compliment and inasmuch as business men furnished the large majority of the vestry, said I not well that the first

shaft ought to be to the memory of the old merchants of the metropolis?

But if I were a vestryman, I would vote on every possible occasion against disfiguring the grounds with a shaft. I like the churchyard as it is, with its crumbling stones, mossy inscriptions and quaint records of the dead. It has a rural air that is in keeping with its history of two centuries, and in the course of half a century I have become so well acquainted even with the wild-eyed cherubim that haunt tops of the gravestones that I have come to fancy they look kindly at me when I stand before them yet once again to read the records over which they keep watch and ward, and I would not for the world exchange them for the smooth lustre of polished granite and a new inscription. No, let the ancient tombstones stand sentinel as long as their rocky fibres will hold together. They are at their worst just now, as to looks. But walking under elm and sycamore I fancy that I can already hear the stirring of the infant leaves in the buds at the end of the branches and I know that the bluebird will be here before my next paper is written, and with coming of bird and leaf and grass and the sunshine of Spring the

old churchyard will do its best to hide the defects in the tombstones which bird and tree alike revere as comrades of their infancy. Then, too, once more those who pass by will look in upon the quiet beauty of these acres of the dead and carry away from these mossy stones a panacea of peace for their unquiet hearts such as no collection of shafts and mausoleums could supply.

I have spoken of the Clarksons as typical merchants of New York, and I might also add as typical vestrymen of Trinity. The family name became illustrious in the colony from the time Matthew Clarkson came to this city, towards the close of the seventeenth century, and took up his duties as Secretary of the colony. From his nephew David a site for St. George's Church on Nassau Street was bought in 1748 for five hundred pounds, which was afterwards exchanged for a site on Beekman Street. At the time of the breaking out of the war, the elegant town house of the Clarksons (their country seat was at Flushing) was considered one of the show places of the city. It stood at the corner of Whitehall and Pearl Streets, was sumptuously furnished with London upholstery, and its fine table service of

silver, cut glass and costly porcelain was the talk of the town. After the battle of Long Island the Flushing mansion was turned into a hospital, and the disastrous fire that followed the British occupation of New York immediately afterwards, swept away the city residence. Yet the patriotism of the Clarksons did not flinch. Two of the sons, David and Matthew—the latter a lad of nineteen, followed Washington into the field, and Matthew returned a major-general. The descendants of the old colonial secretary became allied with the Jays, De Peysters, Van Cortlands, Verplancks, Rutherfords and the old New York families, and it would be difficult and lengthsome to follow out their genealogies. There are three vaults in Trinity churchyard bearing the name Clarkson, and originally there were three brothers, David, Levinus and Matthew, merchants in London, Amsterdam and New York respectively. David came to this city in 1723, married and settled and became one of the most tenacious advocates of colonial independence.

The close of the Revolutionary war found David M. Clarkson in business at 73 King near Pine Street; later he removed his counting house and

dwelling to No. 31 Broadway. Thomas S. Clarkson lived next door at No. 33 Broadway. David, son of David M. Clarkson, lived at 16 Cortlandt Street at the beginning of the century and for some years afterwards. In 1793 Gen. Matthew Clarkson purchased the site of the old family residence, at Whitehall and Pearl Streets, and here built a large brick mansion where he lived till his death in 1825. I have heard old men who knew these and other members of the family speak of them as noble specimens of their race. One of their contemporaries said to me once, "It was a sight to see them all go to Trinity Church as they moved slowly and dignifiedly up Broadway in the early twenties and thirties. And the women of the family were as gracious as they were stately in my eyes."

Close by one of the family vaults of the Clarksons is the burial place of John B. Coles, eminent as a merchant, philanthropist and civic official. He was Alderman of the First Ward from 1797 to 1801 and again from 1815 to 1818, in the time when most of the wealth and aristocracy of the city was embraced within its limits, and it was an honor to be its municipal representative. Dur-

ing most of these years, too, he served as a vestryman of Trinity parish. A flour merchant on a large scale, he had his store at No. 1 South Street and his home at No. 1 State Street. In the whole city there were no pleasanter places than those in which to live and do business. He could stand upon the mansion steps of his home and watch the ships pass up and down the East and Hudson Rivers, and he could stroll upon the Battery with his business cronies and drink in the salt air unsullied by the smell of steam and the oil of machinery and with its breezes unbroken by the screech of the steam whistle. Here he lived until about sixty years ago, when he was gathered to his fathers, leaving a name for rectitude and charity which any man might envy. And yet he was only one of many such who have helped bear the burdens of Trinity Parish with honor during its career of two centuries.

Such men shine at best in times of trouble. Probably there was never more distress in New York than in the summer of 1798 when the yellow fever made its first visitation. An old merchant, who was taken sick at his store on Coenties Slip, was the first victim, and several of his

neighbors followed, and then a universal panic ensued. Nearly all who could leave town did so, moving up to Greenwich Village, Chelsea and Harlem, far away from infection. John B. Coles was one of those who remained behind and stood at the post of danger. He went from house to house, bearing relief in his hands and encouragement in his speech, and of all men, had no idea that he was doing anything beyond his bare duty to his race. The section of the city in which he lived was boarded in, but this did not frighten him. Custom-house, post office, banks and insurance companies had all been removed to Greenwich Village, but he kept right on at his work, and left his business to take care of itself. It is curious to read in the publications of the day how this brave citizen levied his contributions on the absentees who, it is only just to say, gave willingly of everything except themselves. John Watts, from his farm on the Harlem River, sent down oxen, sheep and forty barrels of Indian meal. Dominick Lynch, the friend of Irving, sent pigs, oxen, sheep and chickens. John Murray, Jr., brother of Lindley Murray, the grammarian, came generously forward in September

with a gift of $10,000, and Archibald Gracie, Gen. Horatio Gates, Charles L. Camman, Herman LeRoy, Thomas Buchanan and other well-known citizens, chiefly merchants, contributed freely of their means. John B. Coles sleeps under a plain tombstone slab, as he would have wished, but if a time comes for distributing shafts to the meritorious, will not those who have the passing of judgment be compelled to decide that the plain, old-fashioned citizen and merchant, who served God and his country with all his heart, mind, soul and strength, and never dreamed that he was doing aught but the plain, everyday duty of his life, deserves the first of the honors distributed.

The peculiarity of the inscription upon the stone that covers the vault of the Earl of Stirling, has often attracted me to it, as it lies on the western slope close by the fence in the southern half of the graveyard, and yet, perhaps, the only peculiarity about it is that it differs from the modern American mortuary inscription and groups the family together at the grave. The stone bears these words: "Vault built 1738. James Alexander and his descendants, by his son William, Earl

of Stirling, and his daughters Mary, wife of Peter Van Brugh; Elizabeth, wife of John Stevens; Catharine, wife of Walter Rutherford; Susane, wife of John Reid." The story of the third Earl of Stirling, who figured with such conspicuous honor in the war of the Revolution, is familiar to every child who studies history, and the loveliness of his two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer, shed brightness upon the Republican court of President Washington. There are a score or more of our leading families of to-day who are proud to trace a connection with the illustrious Earl and his daughters. The Livingstons, Jays, Stuyvesants, Rutherfords are of these, and the commercial and military, the banking business and the literary profession, are strangely blended among those who gather about this tomb and claim kinship to the stout old Scotch Earl, who sacrificed a coronet in drawing the sword for freedom.

As I turn from the tomb of this race of warriors and look around upon the familiar city and colonial names of Hamersley, Mesier, Hoffman, Apthorpe, Seymour, Davis, Desbrosses and others that meet my eye as I walk up and down under

the eaves of the grand old church, I think how well adapted to the dead as to the living is the prayer of the church for all sorts and conditions of men. Surely no such petition for humanity has been framed before or since. Those who sleep here were gathered in to hold the faith in unity of spirit, and after patience under their sufferings there came to all—priest and soldier, merchant and lawyer, physician and storekeeper, the little child and the famous statesman—a happy issue out of all their afflictions. I could fancy that if they could now step up for a moment from their graves how gladly they would greet one another, forgetful of the class distinctions that had mouldered into dust with their coffins and remembering only the bond of peace. I had never realized as I did then, standing amid the graves of long ago, the sweet and loving wisdom of this prayer which our mother the Church puts daily into our mouths. I never understood so well what it meant to give a cup of water, in His name, to the perishing.

It is beginning to rain again and I leave the churchyard reluctantly. I had been wishing to hear once more the song of my old friend the blue-

bird who has already been reported within less than a hundred miles of his old haunts above the tombstones, but he will only come with the sunshine. If he could only bring us a message from the land beyond the swellings of Jordan, in which there is neither night, nor storm nor sea, and the work of the kingdom shall keep hand and heart busy perpetually in His service, or bid us whisper about it to the silent sleepers under the sod! But the time is not long. Happy is it for him who is glad to lie down to sleep with all sorts and conditions of men, with other birds to sing over his grave and God's sunshine to lighten his darkness.

VI.

ONE of the most peaceful and pathetic spots of earth that I ever saw, is the graveyard of the Moravian community in the old-fashioned village of Nazareth, in Pennsylvania. A bit of meadow, shaded by forest trees under which the Indian once pitched his tent, it was set apart as God's Acre nearly a century and a half ago. It is now thickly sown with the dead, but in its entire extent there is no monument: only on a hillock just beyond the enclosure, stands a modest shaft to commemorate the missionaries and their red converts who were slain at their posts by bands of hostile savages. A broad path divides the graveyard in twain. On one side lie the men who died in the faith and the women rest on the other side. A plain slab of brown stone or of marble rests upon each quiet bosom, and rich and poor alike are equal there as they will be when risen. There is still another division of the sleepers. Here, in a long line and clustered close together with almost military precision, sleep a row of married men, next comes a row of single men and a row of boys follows. So it is on the

other side. The little girl babies form one group and another is made by the single women of the community, and side by side lie the wives and mothers who made home happy. Each is placed in death where he or she belongs by rule, and the grave next to the last that has been filled always opens to the next that dies. It may seem arbitrary, but the Moravians are very tender towards their dead. They use no hearse or hireling bearers, but carry their dead with their own hands from his home in life to his final place of rest, and, preceded by the clergyman and the four official players on the trombone, the long line of men, women and children follow reverently on foot and sing hymns of faith at the grave. Then on Easter morning, before it is yet day, the trombones summon all the people to the graveyard, and there at the rising of the sun they march through the broad paths and scatter flowers upon the graves of all the sleepers, while they sing hymns that are full of the promise of the resurrection.

I know no more peaceful and impressive spot than this; impressive because of its lack of pretension—and yet, as I have said, the picture had a deeply pathetic side. It seemed unnatural that

the wife should be separated from the husband and the child from its parents. I ventured to express this feeling to the grey-haired minister upon whom I had called for information, and he said quietly that it was the rule of the Church, and that he was opposed to any display or favoritism in death. But his wife, gentle-eyed and grey as himself and keeping the sweetness and simplicity of girlhood even in age, asked me if I had noticed that in one case it had so happened that a minister and his wife lay buried at either end of a row so that their graves came next to each other and only separated by the main path. Then she added, with a look of unutterable love bent upon the quiet old scholar at the fireside, "I have always hoped it may happen so to my husband and myself when we come to die."

The look and the words were the unprompted revelation of a loving though reverent heart and they have come back to me more than once when wandering among the old brown stone slabs that cover the entrance to so many family vaults. Usually there is but a name and perhaps a date also, upon the stone, but that is enough to indicate to the survivors all that they need to know

and to point to the antiquarian its mute though most interesting connection with the past. In the narrow home to which that stone is the only door, half a dozen generations may sleep, but the family tie is perpetuated in the ashes gathered there, and the simple slab is more elegant than a Grecian temple in Woodlawn or an architectural Pantheon in Greenwood. I am to a prejudice in favor of the family vault, perhaps for the reason that half a dozen States hold the ashes of those of my own family whom I knew and loved. It was only the other day that in walking through this ancient churchyard I said to Master Felix —whose little hand has been in mine through all my antiquarian researches in old New York —that I should like, when brain and pen have ceased from work, to lie down to sleep somewhere in the city I have loved so long and well, after the organ of old Trinity had pealed and the rosy-cheeked little choristers, of whom I was one once, had sung a hymn of triumph over my dust. Then my heart spoke out but not in words, and I thought that if far in the next century he was brought to sleep at my side, his hand would be next to mine and I would reach

out to take it first of all in the morning of the resurrection.

On the south side of the church and close to the sacred edifice is a plain slab of brown stone bearing the names of Michael and Elizabeth Thody in letters that seem almost as perfect as when first inscribed, nearly one hundred and thirty years ago. Who this couple were I do not know, for they left no mark in the history of the little city of their day beyond the fact that Michael Thody was assistant Alderman of the South Ward from 1756 to 1766. But I made a pause here in my pilgrimage because this record of the parents is followed by the names of eleven of their children, who were all called away in infancy or the bloom of youth. Such patriarchal households are not common in these days, and there is something touching in the fact that the Good Shepherd gathered these lambs into His bosom one by one, not letting their tender feet be bruised by the rough pathways of earth, and that the family circle was unbroken in the grave that garnered its members. There is something irrepressibly sweet in this recognition of the family tie in God's field of the dead, especially where, as in this case "He

giveth thus households like a flock" and then takes them away in one unbroken group from the snares and sorrows of earth to the green pastures beside the still waters.

Perhaps the family idea finds no better example than in the vaults that bear the honored name of Ludlow. From the time of the foundation of the parish, that name has been prominent in its annals. Gabriel Ludlow, ancestor of the family on this side of the Atlantic, was a member of the vestry from 1697 to 1704, and was buried in his vault which is now under the present edifice. His son Gabriel held the same position for twenty-seven years prior to 1769, and another son, Henry, acted in the same capacity for twelve years of that period. Since then, Gabriel H., Charles, Thomas W., Gabriel W. Ludlow and other members of this numerous family have held office in Trinity parish, and have created an enviable record for their labors in behalf of church and charity. The gallant young Lieutenant Ludlow whose name is imperishably associated with that of the heroic Captain Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, belonged to this old New York family, whose first representative, the original Gabriel, left

twelve children to perpetuate his name and entwine it with the leading families of the city and state. Descended from ancient and noble ancestry in England, they naturally became connected here by marriage with their social peers in the English colony—the Livingstons, Harrisons, Verplancks, Waddingtons, Ogdens and Mortons. Many who read this paper have still a vivid remembrance, no doubt, of the fine old mansion erected on State Street by Carey Ludlow (grandson of the original Gabriel) in 1784, and inhabited for many years later by General Jacob Morton, who married Carey Ludlow's daughter Catharine, the belle of her day. Its oak chimney-pieces, wainscoting imported from England, its double stairway to the porch and its ample balcony which gave a magnificent view of the harbor, made it a noteworthy edifice. As to its builder, I shall always feel a debtor to the great-hearted citizen who set out three hundred trees on State Street and the Battery to give shade to a coming generation. No doubt it is a pleasant thing to recall as he sits in the shade of the Tree of Life and lets memory come back to these scenes.

Very different from these family gatherings in

the windowless homes under the sod, is the record of a solitary headstone at the rear of the church and towards the north. Its inscription reads: "In memory of Michael Cresap, First Captain of the Rifle Battallions and son to Colonel Thomas Cresap, who departed this life October 18th, A. D. 1775." The soldier who rests beneath was the son of a neighbor and friend of General Washington, had done brilliant service in the Indian wars on the frontiers of Virginia and had attained the rank of Colonel of Volunteers in that state. Unfortunately the men in his command, without his orders, exterminated the family of the Indian chief Logan, "the friend of the white man," and many a schoolboy of my day declaimed the noble speech of Logan in which he denounced Colonel Cresap, declared that he had glutted his vengeance and asked "Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!" without the least idea that Logan's foe slept quietly in Trinity churchyard. At the beginning of the Revolution, Michael Cresap raised a company of picked riflemen, drilled them carefully and marched to take his place by the side of Washington, the friend of his family, who was then besieging Boston. So much

had been said about their marksmanship and drill that when they reached New York, the riflemen from the Blue Ridge were compelled to give an exhibition in "the Fields," now the City Hall Park. His military career lasted but a few months. The doctors say he died of a slow fever; tradition declares that his heart was broken because of the unjust accusation made against him in connection with the massacre of Logan's wife and children. In October he came back to New York, dying here a week after his arrival and being interred in Trinity churchyard. His obsequies were marked by an unusual display. A newspaper of the time says: "His funeral was attended from his lodgings by the independent companies of militia and by the most respectable inhabitants, through the principal streets to the church. The Grenadiers of the First Battallion fired three volleys over his grave. The whole was conducted with great decency and in military form." Alone and apart from all their kindred are the graves of Cresap and Logan. It may be a mere coincidence, but the student of history may think otherwise.

Not far from the grave of this soldier of the

Revolution is a memorial in stone which tells of another sort of warfare and other and more lasting triumphs. It lies upon the ground a simple and unpretentious slab, but it has a story of its own to tell and an interesting one. This is the graven legend: "Here lieth ye body of Susannah Nean, wife of Elias Nean, born in ye city of Rochelle, in France, in ye year 1660, who departed this life 25 day of December 1720, aged 60 years." "Here lieth enterred ye body of Elias Nean, catechist in New York, Born in Soubise, in ye Province of Caentonge in France in ye year 1662, who departed this life 8 day of September 1722 aged 60 years." "This inscription was restored by order of their descendant of the 6th generation, Elizabeth Champlin Perry, widow of the late Com'r. O. H. Perry, of the U. S. Navy, May, Anno Domini, 1846." Thus much the stone says, but it does not tell that Elias Nean suffered imprisonment and was sent to the galleys in France because he would not renounce the reformed religion; that he was not merely catechist and schoolmaster but a vestryman of Trinity Church for many years, and that such distinguished names as the Belmonts and Vintons as well as

the Perrys are numbered among his descendants. The number of Huguenot refugees and their descendants who are buried in Trinity churchyard is very large. The first burial vault at the southern entrance bears the name of "D. Contant," a victim of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which cost France so dearly and enriched America with the best blood of that kingdom. It was this persecution which gave us the Bayards, Jays, Boudinots and Tillons, and peopled South Carolina with such Revolutionary leaders as Marion and Laurens, which erected Bowdoin College, the literary cradle of Longfellow and Hawthorne and which, as we have seen, erected Faneuil Hall to be the cradle of liberty. One of the most unique of the Huguenot memorials in Trinity churchyard is a headstone with a quaint inscription in Latin, which tells that Withamus de Marisco, "most noble on the side of his father's mother," born on the 8th of May, 1720, died January 11, 1765, and is buried here. His family had lived in the colony for nearly a century and their name had become Anglicised into Marsh, but when the exile came to die, his thoughts turned to the home of his ancestors and his forgotten glories, and his last act

in life was to write the inscription which says so little and suggests so much about the pioneers of church and state in the colonial days of the republic.

As I turn away from this humble gravestone and its unwritten romance, an inscription that looks like poetry catches my eye and I stop for a moment to read it. The stone bears the date of a death that occurred in the year 1730, before the genius of poesy had crossed the Atlantic to our shores. Here is the record as engraved by a sculptor who evidently had no rhythm in his soul, or he would have divided the lines differently:

Let no
One Mourn, the Reason
Why her soul Ascended
To God on high. There
With Angels and Arch
Angels for to dwell
Hallelujah! Hallelujah.
Made by herself.

Poor soul! Her little vanity causes a smile after all the years have passed and yet her triumphant faith must have blotted its memory out of the great Book of Remembrance long ago. There is no undertone of doubt to this dead woman's living cry of victory.

They tell me that already half a dozen bluebirds have made their appearance in the old churchyard and whistled a melodious greeting to their old friends the sparrows. A pioneer robin also paused there in his flight on a sunshiny day, rested for a moment in an elm and then flew down and chirped to the tombstones a promise of the near coming of spring. I have seen none of these messengers yet, but I marked the swelling of the brown tips of branches on tree and shrub. I know that they are ready to burst out with the new life of another spring, and that presently they will put forth slender fingers of green, as fair and delicate as the fingers of an infant. Then, awakened from their sleep the trees of the wood shall clap these hands of verdure, as they swing to and fro to the motion of the breeze, for very joy at the coming of the Lord in the sunshine of another summer.

VII.

"My beloved spake, and saith unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Was there ever a sweeter song of spring than this which echoed in the vineyards of the Holy Land three thousand years ago when the tender grape leaves "gave a good smell" and the orchards of pomegranates were in blossom? Its melody sweeps by me now as I walk in the old churchyard and mark how the air is fragrant with the freshness of the buds that have groped their way through the brown earth, with the scent of blooms on the lilac bush and the delicate odor of leaves that have slumbered all winter in the heart of the elm and dreamed of the spring upon which they are entering. The birds have come with the warm south wind to make music at the wakening of tree and flower, and they thrill with joy as they hail this new creation and each tiny, swelling breast is a fountain of gratitude which shames the race that receives so

much and gives back so little. If there were no other preachers of the resurrection, bird and bud would proclaim it in this old churchyard to the living and in behalf of the dead.

For more than two hundred years the time of the singing birds has come to some of those who now sleep under the shadow of the massive pile which is known to a new generation as old Trinity. A score of years before the first church edifice of the parish was erected, a burial plot was opened by the city authorities outside of the wall of palisades built for the city's defence and this was added to the church grounds a few years after the church was opened for service. It was a sightly place. The green sward stretched down to the river and ended in a bold bluff. At the end of the city wall was a green knoll known as Oyster Pasty Mount, surrounded by a battery of guns. The commerce of the little metropolis passed by in sight of the stones above the sleeper's dust. Church and graveyard lay beyond the toil and traffic of the town, embowered in green and amid a rural landscape. The original charter of Trinity parish provided for the erection of a church "near" to the city of New York. It is difficult

to imagine the scene that was presented to the eyes of the first worshippers in the church that was even in that day the pride of the city. They came from city homes on the Bowling Green, in Hanover Square, on Queen Street and in the Broad Way and as they neared the church door they saw green fields stretching before them and a river on either hand. At their feet, then as now, were the graves of the dead. But there were no noises of the workaday world to break upon the music of the wild-wood singers and trees of the primeval forest stood sentinel above the graves and wild flowers of the wood crowned them with their dainty beauty. In the warm, bright sunshine of to-day and with the sweet scents of spring around me, as I close my eyes for a moment I can leap across the separating gulf of two centuries and see the little churchyard in its framework of green fields, bits of forest, lumbering windmills and distant villas, a spot most fit to be called GOD'S acre.

One of the earliest burials in the immediate neighborhood of the church edifice was that of a noble English lady, daughter and sister of an earl and a viscountess in her own right. When the

workmen were removing the foundation of the tower of Trinity Church, in 1839, a vaulted grave was opened which was found to contain the fragments of a coffin, a large plate and the ashes of Lady Cornbury, wife of the royal Governor of New York, who died in this city August 11, 1706, and was buried in the churchyard, close to Broadway and opposite Wall Street. A daughter of the Earl of Richmond, she was in her own right Baroness Clifton, and her arms, together with her pedigree, date of death and age were found rudely graven on the plate. Lord Cornbury was son of the Earl of Clarendon and first cousin to Queen Anne. A man of many faults, he was devoted to his wife, watched by her bedside night and day and mourned her sincerely. His name is affixed to the charter of Trinity Church. A new vault was provided for the remains of Lady Cornbury and in this the poor relics of the dead, with the plate of silver whose rude emblazonment made a strange contrast to its pompous display of heraldic pride, were deposited. Solitary and alone in its tomb, the dust of this noble and gracious lady, who perished in her youth in a land of strangers, has echoed for nearly two hundred years the foot-

steps of busy men and the roar of a multitude who long since ceased to pay respect to royalty.

Not far from the resting place of one who could call England's Queen her cousin and who in life had worn a coronet in court circles, is a grave lying hard by the north door of the church, which illustrates strikingly the strange contrasts presented by Trinity churchyard. The slab which was restored and reverently placed above it by the corporation of the parish tells in quaint style the story of a useful life. A printer sleeps beneath it. But he was a man as exemplary for his piety, patriotism and integrity as for his work as a craftsman. Born in England, he emigrated to Pennsylvania before the city of Philadelphia was laid out. In 1693 he removed to New York and established the first printing press in this city. Here in his shop on Queen Street, at the sign of the Bible, the first book published in the colony, "A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman Leaving the University, concerning his Behaviour and Conversation in the World" was "printed and sold by Wm. Bradford, Printer to his Majesty, King William." Here also was isued, Oct. 16, 1725, the first newspaper in the city of New York,

a small foolscap sheet called the "New York Gazette." A man of enterprise he was the first who printed an English edition of the Bible in the Middle Colonies; the first who printed the English Prayer Book here; founder of the first paper mill in the country; printer of the first map of New York; for upwards of fifty years printer to the colonial government and the earliest champion of the freedom of the press and its rights. To such a man an Earl's coronet would be a bauble. The venerable printer could better appreciate the pension he had earned by half a century's labor in the service of the government. Indeed, printer Keimer of Philadelphia, from whom Benjamin Franklin learned his trade, was moved to envy by the liberality which made Bradford passing rich on sixty pounds a year, and the envious dweller in the City of Brotherly Love closed some doggerel upon the event with these lines:

"Though quite past his age and old as my gran'num,
The government pays him pounds sixty per annum."

Every pilgrim to Trinity churchyard can read the inscription on Bradford's tomb, but it is not so easy to find the queer, old-fashioned obituary no-

tice written by one of his own apprentices who sleeps in an honored grave on the other side of the sacred enclosure. The "New York Gazette, Revived in the Weekly Post Boy," for Monday, May 25, 1752, says: "Last Saturday Evening departed this Life, Mr. Wm. Bradford, Printer, of this City, in the 94th Year of his Age: as the Printer of this Paper liv'd upwards of eight Years Apprentice to him, he may be presumed to know something of Him. He came to America upwards of 70 years ago, and landed at the Place where Philadelphia now stand, before that City was laid out, or a House built there: He was Printer to this Government upwards of 50 years; and was a man of great Sobriety and Industry; a real Friend to the Poor and Needy; and kind and affable to all; but acquiring of an Estate happened not to be his Faculty, notwithstanding his being here at a Time when others, of not half his good Qualifications, amassed considerable Ones: He was a True Englishman and his Complaisance and Affection to his Wives, of which he had two, was peculiarly great; and without the least Exaggeration it may be said that what he had acquired with the first, by the same Carriage was lost with

the second: He had left off Business for several years past, and being quite worn out with old Age and Labour, his Lamp of Life went out for want of Oil." As a picture of a good man's life, appreciative but never seeking to flatter, this memorial will take rank with the old masters of literature. The inscription on the tombstone gives the age of Wm. Bradford as ninety-two and is probably correct, though his obituary notice adds a year. In fact it has become illegible through fracture of the stone, but where it drops into poetry it can readily be read:

"Reader reflect how soon you'll quit this Stage:
You'll find but few attain to such an Age.
Life's full of pain, Lo there's a Place of Rest
Prepare to meet your God then you are Blest."

In a vault on the south side of the church and under a brownstone slab that bears his name and a date, rest the ashes of Hugh Gaine, who for more than forty years was a printer and publisher in this city, and from 1792 to 1807 was one of the vestrymen of the parish. Born in 1726, he embarked in business soon after reaching his majority, and kept a book store in Hanover Square under the sign of the Bible and Crown. Here in

1752 he established the "New York Mercury" which became in time an ardent advocate of the rights of the colonies. As delineated by the events of his life, Mr. Gaine seems to have been an amiable sort of gentleman whose integrity and morality were above suspicion, but with whom business was business, for during the occupation of this city by the British his paper maintained the cause of the king and turned the cold shoulder to the "rebels." After the evacuation of the English forces in 1783, he retired to New Jersey for a while, but, on petitioning the Legislature of New York for pardon, he was allowed to remain here. His book store was continued under another sign than that of the Crown and he lived to become a popular citizen under the republic, passing away in 1807 at the ripe age of eighty-one.

Another printer who sleeps in the southern half of the graveyard is James Oram. The white marble headstone which marks his place of burial says that he died on the 26th of October, 1826, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Another existing memorial of his busy life is the "New York Price Current and Shipping List," which he es-

tablished in 1795, and which is still published and is a valuable property. When the completion of the Erie Canal was celebrated in this city in 1825 by a great procession in which all the local crafts and trades were represented, the printers displayed in their ranks a platform on wheels drawn by four horses and on the platform was placed the library chair of Benjamin Franklin, in which the venerable James Oram, noticeable always by his remarkable likeness to that eminent printer and philosopher, was seated. Before the next year had passed, he was called away to his reward.

In one of the vestry rooms of Trinity Church is a mural tablet which bears the following inscription:

In memory of
Thomas Swords
Who was for fifty years an Eminent
Publisher and Bookseller in this city
And for thirty-five years a Vestryman
of this Church.
Born in Fort George, Saratoga County, N. Y.
Jany 5th 1764.
Died in this City
June 27th 1843.

This tablet has a peculiar interest for me, because I can recall so vividly the old church book-

store of Stanford & Swords, at 137 Broadway, which was not only the gathering place of the clergy, but was frequented by all literary men and antiquarians because it was the oldest establishment of its kind in the city. I remember distinctly the wrinkled, pleasant face of "Uncle Tommy" Stanford, as he was wont to be called by his intimates, and can see him moving about among his books in the dress coat which was then habitually worn by many professional and business men, and his invariable habiliments of black. His partner, Mr. James R. Swords, was a man of fine appearance, genial manners and great popularity. The original firm of T. & J. Swords was established 1787, and its place of business in Pearl Street was known familiarly as the "Church House" before the century had closed. Thomas Swords, the senior partner, had commenced his business career in the employ of Hugh Gaine. The partnership of T. & J. Swords was continued until the retirement of Mr. James Swords in 1829, and the business was continued under the firm name of Swords & Stanford, and subsequently Stanford & Swords until the death of Mr. James R. Swords in 1855, soon after which the old house

ceased to exist. Mr. Swords was but thirty-nine years of age at the time of his death, but such was his popularity that unusual honors were paid him. On the day of his funeral the publishers and booksellers closed their places of business and attended the funeral at Trinity Chapel in a body. This has never been done since. The tide of traffic in the city has become too great to be stemmed by a funeral.

Thomas Swords, founder of the famous old firm of publishers, was a son of Thomas Swords of Maryborough, Town of Swords, Ireland, who came to this country as an officer in the English army. His father was in garrison at Fort George when he was born there, in 1764. In the churchyard of old St. Paul's, in this city, is a tombstone with the following inscription: "Near this spot were deposited the remains of Lieutenant Thomas Swords, late of his Brittanic Majesty's 55th Regiment of Foot, who departed this life on the 16th of January, 1780, in the 42d year of his age; and underneath this tomb lies all that was mortal of Mary Swords, relict of the said Lieutenant Thomas Swords, who, on the 15th day of September, 1798, and in the 55th year of her age, fell a

victim to the pestilence which then desolated the city of New York. As a small token of respect and to commemorate the names of those who deserved and commanded the esteem of all who knew them, this tomb was erected Anno Domini 1799." The pestilence which then swept the little city was the yellow fever which was so fatal that "nearly one-half of those cases reported died," and over two thousand deaths were registered in a few weeks.

I have seen an edition of Bishop Hobart's "Companion to the Altar" bearing the imprimatur of P. A. Mesier and the date 1823, and in the southern portion of Trinity churchyard is the burial vault of Abraham and Peter Mesier, built far back in the last century. The family was famous in the annals of the city and the church, doing faithful service in the municipal as well as the parish corporation. Its members were wealthy, too, for they lost no less than fifteen houses by the destructive fire of August 1778. There was an Abraham Mesier who was Assistant Alderman of the Out Ward in 1698. Peter Mesier served as Alderman of the West Ward from 1759 to 1762, and his son Abraham was Assistant Alderman

from 1770 to 1773. Then came Peter A. Mesier, merchant, Alderman of the First Ward from 1807 to 1818 and a vestryman of Trinity parish at the same time. David Lydig, founder of the New York family of that name, married the beautiful daughter of the first Peter Mesier. In the "Diary of Philip Hone," under date of December 14, 1847, I find the following entry: "Another old friend is gone. Peter A. Mesier died suddenly, on Wednesday night, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. I attended the funeral as a pall-bearer this afternoon, from his home, No. 51 Dey Street, next door to the one in which I was married, more than forty-six years ago. The funeral ceremony was performed in Trinity Church." Mr. Mesier kept a book and stationery store, first on Pearl Street and afterwards on Wall Street, opposite the Manhattan Bank. It was a favorite haunt of business men in the first quarter of the century, because it gave a literary flavor to trade, and for the reason that the head of the house was a pillar of church, state and society.

Turning from the graves of these honored representatives of the art preservative of all arts—the printer's craft—I pause to read some of the

verses on the headstones that stand closely clustered together in the older portion of the churchyard. There is a fascination about graveyard poetry which can neither be explained nor resisted. To-day, I am in the mood for reading the expressions of faith in their resurrection which are graven on the tombstones of these sleepers. Sometimes the versification is rude, buth the faith is always sublime. Many stones bear that magnificent stanza, beginning, "My flesh shall slumber in the ground"; an infant's headstone shows the legend, "Sleep, lovely babe, and take your rest"; an old man's tomb tells that "So He giveth His beloved sleep." Everywhere is the testimony that death is but a sleep to be followed by a joyful resurrection. It is testimony in stone to the doctrine that was last to be believed and first to be doubted by the early disciples of Christianity —the resurrection of the body. I had just risen from reading in the published letter of a renegade to the faith, a statement that the majority of the clergy of the church had ceased to hold to this old-fashioned dogma, and that it had grown obsolete among the faithful. I knew that this was a palpable falsehood, but I felt that I needed the com-

fort of these testimonies of the rock and the added witness of bird and bud and blossom. There would be for me no power in The Arm that could not raise my flesh from the dust. The slumber beneath the sod would lose all the sweetness of its promise of rest, but for the certainty of waking and looking into the eyes of the loved and lost and being welcomed by them. And to be a stranger in the house of many mansions, chasing after phantasmal apparitions, looking in vain for familiar faces and finding only the airy nothings of agnosticism, would be torment even to the most unselfish of souls. God be thanked that every day, with every service in the old church, there comes to every sleeper in the old churchyard the undying testimony of the living worshippers, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead."

VIII.

THE graves of the unknown dead in the upper half of Trinity churchyard are more numerous than the tombs of those whose names are registered in the burial records. The greater part of this section was a city cemetery for twenty years before the first church building was erected, and I have heard that there is a tombstone there which bears an inscription in Dutch to the memory of a maiden from Holland, who died in 1639, but I have never been able to find it. I had the story from an antiquarian who insisted that the date of the inscription was given in the Dutch language and not in numerals and therefore it had escaped my eye. The grave may be there, though the old city charter, granted by Governor Dougan in the time of James the Second, and bearing date of 1686, speaks of "the new burial place without the gate of the city." When the young Dutch maiden passed away, New York was a little Dorp, or village whose houses clustered around that part of the city which is now called Coentie's Slip and the Bowling Green. It was a long and dreary road by which they carried the dead girl's body

from her home beside the river to the green hill far away from the little settlement.

There are other unknown graves in this portion of the churchyard which no good citizen can contemplate without a thrill of pride, and which the corporation of old Trinity has honored fitly by the erection of the only monumental pile to be found in the enclosure. This costly structure faces Pine Street and calls to the hurrying multitudes who bask in the sunshine of liberty, to pause and remember the patriot dead who gave their lives that the land might be free. In the immediate neighborhood of the tall gothic shaft lie in unmarked graves a little army of soldiers of the Revolution. They were brought here for burial from the loathsome cells of the Provost Jail in the Fields—now the Hall of Records in the City Hall Park—from the sugar houses in which they were closely packed and left to die of starvation and disease, and from the old Huguenot Church in Pine Street which had been turned into a hospital. Trinity Church had been burned down in September, 1776, when the British army under Lord Howe occupied the city, and the flames at the same time swept the entire west side of Broadway

as far as St. Paul's Chapel. The graveyard became a scene of desolation and so continued for the seven long years of captivity. No one was interred there except the dead American prisoners and the interments usually took place at night, without funeral ceremonies, and with cruel haste. Philip Freneau, the spirited poet of the patriot cause, who was for some time a captive in the prison-ship *Scorpion*, moored in the Hudson within sight of the graveyard, wrote that "successive funerals gloomed each dismal day" of his captivity and added:

"By feeble hands their shallow graves were made;
No stone memorial o'er their corpses laid:
In barren sands and far from home they lie,
No friend to shed a tear when passing by."

Among the builders of vaults in Trinity churchyard, who were nearly always persons of distinction and wealth in the city or colony, there are some names which may almost be classed with the unknown. The name has been lost to the remembrance of the living through the breaking up of the family, and death or removal have destroyed the historical link between the past and

the present. A brown-stone slab hidden in the grass to the south of the church building, bears the legend, "Apthorpe Family Vault, 1801," yet the name is not to be found in the city directory. To the leaders of modern society it has no significance, and yet there was a time when for a long period the family held its own with the proudest of the colonial aristocracy. Until within a few months there stood on the westerly side of Ninth Avenue, between 91st and 92d Streets, a house famous in the annals of the city and the history of this country and known as the Apthorpe Mansion. It was stately and beautiful in its architecture, and its recessed portico, high arched door flanked by Corinthian columns, its oaken beams and carved panels were the admiration of the town for many a year. It was built by Charles Ward Apthorpe, one of the counsellors of the royal Governor Tyron, in 1767, and was furnished with regal splendor. Locusts, pines and elms shaded the house and diversified the landscape of its beautiful park of two hundred acres. A scholar, a courtly gentleman and a born diplomatist as well, Apthorpe kept free from political entanglements during the Revolution and was per-

mitted to retain his property afterwards. In the winter of 1789 the beauty, wealth and fashion of the capital of the new republic, together with the most distinguished representatives of the government, were gathered at the house to witness the marriage of Mr. Apthorpe's beautiful daughter Maria to Dr. Hugh Williamson, member of Congress from North Carolina. Charles Ward Apthorpe became afterwards a vestryman of Trinity parish, died in 1797 and was buried in Trinity churchyard, but the Williamsons continued to live in the beautiful old house for a generation afterwards, and later it passed into the hands of strangers.

That there was a skeleton in the house of the proud Apthorpes is shown by the queer will made in 1809 by Mistress Grizzel, a daughter of the royal counsellor, which is on file in the surrogate's office. I speak of it here to show how utterly small seem all earthly quarrels when we stand in the presence of the dust that lived and loved and hated once but is now only a handful of faded impotence. The poor lady thought she had a grievance and she bequeathed her forgiveness to her "enemies" whose "malice" she deplored. Yet

she had a fountain of unfailing kindness in her heart which might have made the desert of her life to blossom as the rose if she had let it have full play. If man was her enemy the beast of the field was her friend and she remembered them even in death. The will says: "I leave a legacy for the support of my favorite cat and the two little dogs intrusted to the care of my unfortunate, kind sister, Ann Apthorpe; for this purpose, I particularly desire, if they are my survivors, that seven dollars may be annually paid to some decent person who will keep them and treat them kindly. To those who have no regard for the animal creation, this donation may be deemed an absurd peculiarity, but my care of the dogs I consider the last tribute of affection that I can pay to the memory of a highly valued sister, and the playful though mute affection of my cat has so often soothed and cheered my solitary hours that it is grateful to my feelings to believe that my only remaining friend and sister will not consider this request beneath her attention." The poor lady and her sister sleep in the family vault and on its shelves repose also the ashes of some of those with whom she was at war. In the full-orbed

glory of the sun of the resurrection the mists of prejudice will be found to have vanished and peace will spread her white wings over the reunited family as they troop up joyously to the throne of judgment.

At the distance of less than a stone's throw from the tomb of Alexander Hamilton is a slab of sandstone, lying prone upon the earth, and bearing the inscription, "Matthew L. Davis' Sepulchre, 1818." The graveyard makes strange meetings, for the man who sleeps in the sepulchre was the friend and biographer of Aaron Burr, the slayer of Hamilton. As the venerable Grant Thorburn pathetically wrote in a letter, "Matthew L. Davis was the last friend that Aaron Burr possessed on earth." In many respects he was a remarkable man and though almost forgotten now he was one of the most prominent figures in the troublous political era in which Hamilton, Burr and De Witt Clinton were the leaders. He was a merchant, doing business as an auctioneer in lower Pearl Street at first and afterwards living and conducting extensive commercial operations at 49 Stone Street. On the July afternoon that witnessed the shooting of Hamilton, Matthew L.

Davis accompanied Burr in the row boat which carried him to Weehawken, and at the time of the exchange of shots he stood in company with Dr. Hosack under the bluff at the river bank, awaiting the outcome of the duel. Afterwards he was imprisoned for some days by order of the coroner for refusing to testify at the inquest. His subsequent career was honorable and successful and he was honored in his death, as he had been in life, by the men of his generation. Now, under the shadow of the cross and in the quiet of the same churchyard, with their old antagonisms all forgotten, Hamilton and Davis take their rest after the tossings of life's fitful fever.

Close by the south porch of the church is a stone which bears the simple inscription "Wynant Van Zandt" and covers the vault of the family bearing that name. Theirs has been a notable name in the annals of the city and church. There was a Wynant Van Zandt who was Assistant Alderman of the Dock Ward in 1788 and Alderman from 1789 to 1794; Wynant Van Zandt, Jr., was Alderman of the First Ward from 1802 to 1806, and Peter Pra Van

Zandt was Alderman of the Third Ward from 1791 to 1793, and member of Assembly from 1777 to 1784. Johannes Van Zandt, first of the name in New Amsterdam, emigrated from the city of Anheim, Holland, in 1682. His son, Wynant, was born in New York in 1683 and died in 1763. His home in Horse and Cart Lane, now William Street, was a model of luxury and refinement in its day. Jacobus, the oldest son of Wynant Van Zandt, was imbued with the old Dutch spirit of resistance to tyranny and became a member of the first Provincial Congress of New York and was afterwards surgeon in the army of Washington at Valley Forge and the New Jersey campaign that opened with the victory at Trenton. His beautiful daughter Catharine was the belle of the inauguration ball of President Washington in this city and married James Hower Maxwell, the banker. Wynant Van Zandt, second of the name, was born in New York in 1730, and died in 1814. The third Wynant, son of the second of that name was born here in 1767 and died in 1831, and the name descended to his grandson. All men of worth in their generations, as well as wealth, they needed no other

eulogy than the carving of their name upon the stone door of their last home upon earth.

Life has queer changes in store for men who mark out for themselves the line they propose to pursue and who mourn in youth a lost opportunity to pursue the profession of their choice. It is told of George Washington that he earnestly desired, while yet a boy, to obtain a commission as midshipman in the navy of King George, and only gave up his wish at the earnest entreaties of his mother. Had he possessed less filial affection he would have missed the high honor he afterwards attained as "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In the southwest corner of Trinity churchyard is a plain slab inscribed with the name of John J. Morgan. Born in the city of New York, of Welsh parentage, he was commissioned a midshipman in the royal navy, while yet a mere boy, and set out to win his laurels on the sea. A storm disabled the ship of war and she was captured by an American privateer that brought the vessel and her crew into the harbor of Boston. Young Morgan was among the captured officers, but after a while was released and sent to New York. Here

he seems to have become sick of the sea and of the cause in which he had embarked. Remaining in the city after the departure of the British troops, he turned his attention to the legal profession and entered the law office of General Morgan Lewis, a soldier of the Revolution and afterwards Governor of the State. After being admitted to the bar, he married Catharine Warne, a niece of the gallant old patriot, Marinus Willett, and at once took his place among the leading men of the young republic. Honors flowed in upon him. He was elected Member of Assembly, served two terms as Representative in Congress and for a short time was Collector of the Port of New York. Mr. Morgan was also for many years a vestryman of Trinity Church, and during his long and useful life was identified with many of the public enterprises of the community. In 1859 he fell asleep, at the ripe age of four-score and ten years, with the testimony of a good conscience and in full communion with the church. His niece and adopted daughter married Major-General John A. Dix, U. S. A., father of the present Rector of Trinity Church.

In my walk I turn my way, as I leave the

churchyard, from the names known to history and fame to the records of humbler sleepers and recognize with a thrill of sympathy the love that reared their monumental stones. I stop to read the words that tell of the fate of the daughter of Richard Thorne, and though he has long since gone to the land in which there are no tears and no graves, I feel an infinite pity for the father who was bereaved of his child and who appealed to the sympathy of the world in these lines of limping rhyme :

> " Three days' fever snatched her breath,
> And bowed her to triumphant death.
> When scarce twelve years had crowned her head,
> Behold in dust her peaceful bed."

A few paces distant is the last, grass-grown, cradle of a babe. An inscription on an old and decaying stone sets forth that this is the grave of "John, son of Arthur and Mary Darley. Died, 1797, aged 7 months." Was the little one the first born of the sorrowing couple ? Was he their only child ? There is nothing to make answer, but the stone reared over the baby's dust is a mute witness to the tenderness with which he must have

been loved. Beneath the name and record of the infant is the inscription :

> " O happy probationer! Accepted
> Without being exercised."

This is the cry of faith triumphant over the pang of bereavement. Its peculiar phrasing leads one to believe that the parents were of the early Methodists who kept their allegiance to the Church of England, while admiring the zeal of the pioneer preachers of the new " methods " in religion. It is the language of Wesley and Whitfield and Embury, who buried some of their dead here and who held that the old church of Cranmer and Hooper and Laud was the bulwark of the ancient and apostolic faith. But apart from these questions, the quaint inscription over the baby's dust is simply beautiful. There is no room for doubt. The little one is accepted, and grief can become even joy because the brief probation brought neither sin nor sorrow in its train. So I go on my way with the words " I am the good shepherd " following my steps and looking up through the clear sunlight of faith I see Him tenderly bearing in His bosom this little lamb of the fold.

IX.

It has occurred to my mind more than once that the merchants of New York as a rule take too little pride in their profession. Especially does this thought recur when I tread the paths of this ancient churchyard and read on one stone after another the names of men whose genius in business has enriched the city and whose patriotism has been a bulwark of the republic. Statues in bronze have been erected in our streets to the memory of Washington and Lafayette, who drew their swords in the cause of freedom, and why should not like honor be paid to Francis Lewis and Philip Livingston, the two great New York merchants who hazarded life and all they had when they signed their names to the Declaration of Independence? Philip Livingston died in harness and is buried in the graveyard of the little city of York, Pennsylvania, when the fugitive Congress was there in session. Francis Lewis saw his home destroyed and his family scattered by foreign invaders, and after sacrificing his property on his country's altar, was gathered to his fathers in a ripe old age and lies

buried in Trinity churchyard, where also sleeps his illustrious son, Governor Morgan Lewis, soldier of the Revolution.

It was in 1735, when New York was a little city of nine thousand inhabitants, that Francis Lewis, a native of Wales, whose father was then Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, came to this city to engage in trade. Fortune smiled upon him from the start and in twenty years his ships were known in all seas. At the time of the French war of 1755 he was at Oswego when it was surrendered to General Montcalm and with the rest of the prisoners was turned over to the Indian allies of France. Every prisoner was killed in cold blood except Francis Lewis and tradition relates that his life was spared because he could talk with them, owing to the resemblance of their language to the ancient Welsh dialect, which they could understand! There is a legend that a Welsh prince once settled in the Western world and the great Southey took it as the text for his "Madoc." Sent as a prisoner to France he was soon exchanged, returned to his home in New York and shortly afterwards entered with heart and soul into the cause of the colonies. As early as 1765

he was a member of the Provisional Congress which opposed the Stamp Act and in 1775 was elected to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, where in 1776 he signed the Declaration of Independence on behalf of the colony of New York. In that year his house at Whitestone, on Long Island, was plundered by the British, his valuable library destroyed and his wife made prisoner, kept captive for several months and so rigorously treated that she soon after died. Generous as well as patriotic, Francis Lewis sacrificed the bulk of a large property to the cause of his country, and after independence was gained lived quietly at his home in Cortlandt Street, resting after his labors. Though he was then seventy years of age, he accepted the position of vestryman of Trinity Church and held it for several years. Twenty years later the end came and on the 30th of December, 1803, he died, at the age of ninety and was buried in Trinity churchyard.

There was one cross in the life of this "grand old man" which was particularly hard to bear. His daughter Ann, whom he dearly loved, was wooed by a British naval officer, Captain Robinson, who had won her heart. The father would not

listen to the lovers and they were married in secret by the Rev. Dr. Inglis, rector of Trinity Church, who left the city with the British forces, and was afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia. One of the daughters of this couple married Bishop Sumner afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and another wedded Bishop Wilson of Calcutta. So time made some amends in the direction of the Church if not the State, for this seeming lapse from patriotism. The sons of Francis Lewis, on the other hand, went heart and soul with their father in the devotion to the land in which they were born. Francis, the eldest, was a man of influence, grew rapidly rich and married a sister of Daniel Ludlow, one of the most eminent merchants of New York in the last century. He died in 1814 at the age of seventy-three and is interred with his father. One of the daughters married Samuel G. Ogden, who was a distinguished merchant of this city at the opening of the present century.

Even more famous than his illustrious father was Morgan Lewis, second son of the old Signer. Taking up arms at the Revolutionary Struggle, he distinguished himself at Stillwater where he was the officer who received the surrender of

Burgoyne's troops, and rose to the command of a regiment. In the war of 1812 he was a Major-General, did good service at the Niagara frontier and had charge of the defenses of New York. In looking up his military record I was surprised to find that in November, 1775, Morgan Lewis was appointed first Major of the Second Regiment, of which John Jay was Colonel. I had never heard of the distinguished jurist as a soldier and I find that other important duties intervened and that he did not accept the command. Equally competent in the forum and the field, Morgan Lewis served as Attorney-General and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, and was elected Governor and afterwards United States Senator. In 1779 he married Gertrude, daughter of Chancellor Livingston. Their only child, a daughter, became the wife of Maturin Livingston. For forty years or more the Governor occupied a spacious double mansion at the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, where he dispensed a patriarchal hospitality. From this house he was buried on April 11, 1844. I recall the occasion. As Governor Lewis was President-General of the Society of the Cincinnati and

Grand Master of Masons, there was to be a great display, and every schoolboy in town—of whom I was one—was anxious to see it, and I think we were all there. The military, the veterans of the Cincinnati, the martial music and the paraphernalia of the Free Masons, made an imposing and stately procession. The streets were thronged with people on the whole line of march, from the house on Leonard Street to St. Paul's Church where the funeral services were held—Trinity Church being then in process of rebuilding. I remember that I had eyes only for one man, the venerable Major Popham, last survivor of the original members of the Cincinnati, whom George Washington had commissioned, who was hale and hearty at ninety-two and looked as if he might round the century. There had been talk of this veteran at my home and with the old Revolutionary colonel lying in his coffin, the Major who survived him became to my eyes almost coeval with the Pharaohs, and I watched him and wondered what thoughts were throbbing under his fur-white hairs and what memories of other days were tugging at his heart.

In the robing-room of Trinity Church there

is a mural tablet which bears the following inscription:

Sacred
To the Memory of
Thomas Ludlow Ogden,
For 38 Years Vestryman of this Parish
And at the time of his death
Senior Warden.

Born at Newark, N. J., Dec. 12th, 1773.
Died in the City of New York, Dec. 17th, 1844.

Of sound judgment and untiring industry,
The one improved by diligent cultivation,
The other quickened by religious principles;
His long life was one of usefulness and duty.
Born and nurtured in the bosom of the Church
He gave back to her with filial gratitude
His best powers, his most valued time,
His dearest affections:
In all her institutions
Stood foremost in both counsel and action.
Christian obedience mark'd his course,
Christian peace crowned his end
In a Christian hope.

An English ancestor of the subject of this eulogy came to this country more than two hundred years ago, and made their home on Long Island. The family were Independents or Congregationalists in religion, at first, but finding

that "the little finger of Puritanism is stronger than the loins of prelacy" in the matter of sectarian oppression and interference with freedom of conscience, they gave in their allegiance to the Church of England and transferred the glebe lands of the Hempstead meeting-house to the Episcopal church of that place. Thomas Ludlow Ogden who so faithfully served the church of his fathers' adoption, was the third son of Abraham Ogden and Sarah Francis Ludlow, and was a graduate of Columbia College and a student in the law office of Richard Harison, vestryman and sometime Comptroller of Trinity Parish. Abraham Ogden, his father, was a distinguished lawyer in whose office at Morristown were educated many eminent men, such as Richard Stockton, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Attorney-General of the State of New York, and Martin Hoffman, the great political leader. The last two were nephews of Mr. Ogden whose sister had married Nicholas Hoffman. Two of the sons of Abraham Ogden emigrated to the regions of the St. Lawrence where they did the work of pioneers and gave their family name to the city of Ogdensburg. Thomas L. Ogden remained in New York, devoted himself to his pro-

fession and accumulated a fortune by it. He held many important trusts, and for years was the law officer of the corporation of Trinity Church, as well as clerk and vestryman for thirty-five years and Senior Warden for three years more. It seems a pity that so useful a life could not have been continued a few months longer, for Mr. Ogden was chairman of the Building Committee of the present church edifice which was completed less than seventeen months after his decease. His book of minutes of the meetings of this committee show how deep was his interest in the work of construction. But God had something better in store for him and when we who survive were marching up the aisle of the new Trinity Church on the bright May morning in 1846 that saw the beautiful edifice consecrated, he was walking through the streets of the city whose walls are of jasper and whose foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones.

The Rector, Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church have made and left their mark on the streets of New York, not alone in such titles as Rector, Church and Vestry Streets and St. John's Lane, but in Vesey, Barclay and Beach Streets

which were named after old-time ministers of the parish and in more than a score of thoroughfares which bear the names of prominent members of the corporation. Among those last are Murray, Warren, Chambers, Reade, Jay, Harison, North Moore, Beach, Laight, Desbrosses, Vandam, Watts, Charlton, King, Hamersley, Clarkson, Le Roy, Morton, Barrow and others. These names, familiar to my ears for half a century, come back to me now as I stand by the family vault that bears the name of Reade inscribed upon it. To modern New York the stone has not much significance, but there was a time when there was but one official in the colonial province more powerful than "the Honorable Joseph Reade, of this city, one of His Majesty's council for this Province." A century and a half ago, he was a wealthy merchant of New York and a recognized leader in social and ecclesiastical matters. He was elevated to the position of member of the Provincial Council in 1764 and died in 1771, leaving a daughter who had been married in 1748 to James, son of Abraham De Peyster.

It is in its connection with Trinity parish that the name of Reade is especially interesting. The

first recorded meeting of the managers and members of Trinity Church was held on the 28th of June, 1697, and at this meeting Lawrence Reade was present. His official connection with the parish lasted from 1697 to 1709, but before he died he saw his son Joseph elected a member of the vestry. While still a comparatively young man, Joseph Reade was elected a warden of the church and he filled the office for almost half a century —from April, 1721, to April, 1770. At a meeting of the Rector, Church-Wardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, held May 30, 1770, the resignation of Mr. Reade, based on the plea that "his age did not permit him to go through the business with that ease and satisfaction he could wish," was accepted and unanimous resolutions of thanks for his long and faithful services were ordered sent to him by the hands of the Rector, the Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, D.D. In less than a year the good old man, whose name and deeds had been fragrant as incense in the church, had gone to his reward. The "New York Journal" or "General Advertiser" of March 7, 1771, spoke of him as follows: "On Saturday last died the Honorable Joseph Reade, of this city, one of His

Majesty's Council for the Province, after a very short indisposition, and on the Tuesday following, his corpse being preceded by the children of the Charity School here (near Trinity School) of which he was one of the principal promoters, and attended by the principal gentlemen of the city, was deposited in the family vault in Trinity churchyard. Of this gentleman it may be truly said that his life and manners were exemplary. As a merchant he was eminently upright, punctual to all his business and transaction; as a Christian he entertained just sentiments of the truths and grace of the Gospel, and zealously and industriously endeavored to regulate his life and conduct according to its precepts. In him, added to an unusual amiableness and evenness of temper were happily united all the endearing qualifications of a most affectionate, obliging husband, father and kind master. He was affable, friendly and virtuous." Somewhat quaint is the language of this obituary, but what more could you have in the way of ripened manhood. "Man has made him a little lower than the angels," says Holy Writ, and once in a while we see it proven in the pure, sweet life of one of the elect.

It is not a little remarkable that among the members of the vestry who accepted the resignation of Senior Warden Reade, are six gentlemen who, like Mr. Reade, gave their names to city streets or were sons of those who originally did so. These are John Desbrosses, Junior Warden, and Messrs. Van Dam, Charlton, Laight, Clarkson and Barclay, members of the vestry. No other ecclesiastical corporation has ever made its mark so deep and plain upon a city and community in this country.

I close this paper with an epitaph from a tomb in the oldest and most thickly settled part of the churchyard, that lies above the North porch. The stone marks the resting-place of two women, one of whom died at the age of 84 and the other was called away when she had seen but 26 summers. The inscription closes with these remarkable lines of versification:

> "Bouth old and young, as well as me,
> Must in due time all Burried be.
> Under this body of cold clay
> Just in my prime I'm forced to lay."

To which of the two were these lines intended to apply? Is a woman in her prime at eighty-

four or at twenty-six? No man would dare decide, and it might even puzzle a jury of women. But it sounds like the lament of the younger of the twain, who mourns the departure of her strength and beauty. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity!"

X.

IT seemed a strange coincidence when I received from a venerable aunt of mine at the far West, who had never read any of the papers or so much as heard of them, a letter which contained some family documents and one of them the record of a burial in Trinity churchyard. There was a letter from the young mother whom I do not remember, the only letter of hers that I have ever had, and one from my father announcing her death in France, the only scrap of his handwriting in my possession. With these missives came my grandmother's marriage certificate, dated at New York, October 29, 1810, signed "Benj. Moore, Rector of Trinity Church," and written out in full in his clerkly hand. Honors had then clustered around the scholarly head of the venerable rector, for he was Bishop of the Diocese and President of Columbia College as well. But to me the most touching relic was a lock of golden hair, as thick as my little finger, cut from the head of a dead baby nearly eighty years ago. It is as sunny and silken as when it flashed like sunshine from the tiny head of its owner and was the pride of a

mother's heart. The record on the stained and time-worn paper in which it is enclosed, reads: "A lock of Alexina's hair, cut off after her Death. She died at 7 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, August 11, 1812, aged 11 months and 13 days; buried same day in Trinity churchyard, Broadway, New York, a little north of the church."

I have quoted this memorandum in full, because it substantiates one of the customs of the day which struck European travelers as strange. Coming from England, where it was the custom to keep the bodies of the dead for a week while preparations were going on for an ostentatious burial, it is not strange that the Reverend John Lambert, who visited this country in 1807–8 and put his impressions in print afterwards in his "Journal," should call attention to the hasty burials that were then in vogue here. He says: "They bury the dead within twenty-four hours; a custom probably induced by the heat of the climate during the summer months." Then he goes on to speak of a young English gentleman, who dropped dead one evening at the feet of a lady to whom he was paying his addresses, and was kneeling in sport, and who was already buried when he went around

to his house at four o'clock the next afternoon. Customs vary and change. As far back as I can remember it was not thought decent to hold a funeral sooner than three days after death.

But I must hasten from Trinity churchyard, where my feet have already delayed too long. I go out of the gate with lingering steps, knowing what treasures of antiquity are left behind. Why, yonder is a baby's tombstone and the little one of two summers is called "Miss" on the gravestone, and close by is the gravestone of Mrs. Ann Brovort, wife of Elias Brovort, Jr., who is described on the granite as "aged 87 years and upwards." Here, also, is the queer old tomb of the Mount family, with the curious anagram in stone in one corner—the old tombstone being now cased in a setting of polished granite by the descendants in that famous lineage. I do not wonder at hearing voices that seem to call me back. Look at these brown sandstone slabs that lie close to the northern gateway. It makes one's cheek flush with patriotic pride to read the inscriptions. They tell us that under those stones rest the remains of John Morin Scott, most ardent of "Liberty Boys" and one of the men who by word and deed

kindled the revolutionary spirit in this city with a flame that never has been extinguished; that next to his are the ashes of Lewis Allain Scott, once Secretary of the Commonwealth, and close by sleeps the dust of the Rev. Charles McKnight, for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Monmouth, New Jersey, and of his son, Richard McKnight, "captain in the American Army of the Revolution." I know, too, where other unrecorded heroes sleep, and it seems to me that I could not take their hands as comrades in the other world if my pen had not done them justice in the world that is yet mine.

I pass out of the old into the new cemetery. At least, it was new, still, when one of my ancestors rode into New York with Washington, on a certain afternoon in 1783, and St. Paul's Church, which stood in its centre, was yet without a steeple. The first stone of St. Paul's was laid on the 14th of May, 1764, and the church was opened for public worship on the 30th of October, 1766. The site was quite in the outskirts of the city. The same year in which the foundation stone was laid, the lot on which it stands had been ploughed up and sowed with wheat. When the building

was finished, by the completion of the steeple in 1794, it was considered the most elegant and imposing church edifice in the city. The church lot extended in a beautiful lawn to the river, which at that time came up as far as Greenwich Street, and seen from the water, which it was intended to front, St. Paul's, surrounded by stately trees and a spacious churchyard, must have been very attractive to the eye. In 1866 the centennial of this chapel was observed with a three-days' festival, and in 1889 it was a most conspicuous object in the centennial of President Washington's inauguration as the handsome memorial tablet on its interior wall will always bear witness.

There is no other building in New York so historically important as old St. Paul's. Here General Washington worshipped when as Commander-in-Chief he occupied the city before the disastrous battle of Long Island. Here Lord Howe, the British commander, listened to the preaching of his chaplain, the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, and Sir Guy Carleton, Major Andre, and the English midshipman who was afterwards William the Fourth of England, Lord Cornwallis and other royalist soldiers, were of the congregation. Trinity

was burned to the ground on the night of the British occupation of New York, but St. Paul's not only escaped the destruction by flames that scorched it, but it was kept open for services without interruption, and patriot and tory preached in its pulpits according as the fortune of war varied. Here the Governor of the State had his pew, and the legislature and common council had seats allotted to them and actually and regularly attended worship. When New York became the capital of the federated commonwealths in 1789, a pew was also set apart for the President of the United States, and until the new Trinity Church was consecrated, President and Mrs. Washington always set a good example by their regular attendance. It should never be forgotten by American youth that on the day of his inauguration, when he had reached the highest point of human ambition and was the object of the world's wonder and admiration, George Washington turned away from the shouting multitude, the parade and the display, and came to kneel with the humility of a little child at the altar of old St. Paul's, to receive the blessing of the Lord's anointed minister.

Now that in the course of time's changes the rear of St. Paul's Chapel has virtually become the front of the edifice, the stranger has his attention called to the monument erected against the chancel window and the two tall shafts that stand in the graveyard on either side. The central monument, erected by Congress to the memory of General Montgomery, the hero of the hopeless attack on Quebec in the early part of the Revolution, tells its own story. The shafts commemorate Thomas Addis Emmett, an eminent jurist, brother of the Robert Emmett who has passed into history as the Irish patriot and martyr, and Dr. William James McNeven, a distinguished physician who, as his epitaph says "raised chemistry to a science." It is remarkable that the three famous men whose monuments stand sentinel at the gate of old St. Paul's, were born in Ireland, and once devoted adherents of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Theirs are certainly the three most distinguished names among the myriads of natives of Ireland buried in New York and its vicinity, and the mention of this fact carries a political as well as ecclesiastical moral. Married to ladies connected with leading New York families (Gen-

eral Montgomery married Miss Janet Livingston, eldest sister of Chancellor Livingston who administered the oath of office to President Washington,) their descendants wield a wide influence in church and state, and deservedly so. These ancestral monuments are their inspiration.

There are Celtic inscriptions on both the Emmett and McNeven shafts, that is to say, a transcript of the English epitaphs in the old Irish tongue. On the west side of the Emmett shaft the latitude and longitude are thus recorded: "40° 42′ 40″ N., 74° 03′ 21″ 5 W. L. G." The "G" presumably stands for Greenwich, the point from which the reckoning is made.

In this same old churchyard a fourth native of Ireland is interred, who, if he has no memorial shaft to perpetuate his name and deeds, did more for the practical benefit of his fellowman and more for the future prosperity of New York, than any other who sleeps in the enclosure. This was Christopher Collis, to whom the city of New York was indebted for her first water-works and the State of New York for the Erie Canal. It was this busy inventor and tireless thinker who first conceived the idea of uniting the waters of the

great lakes to the Hudson, who lectured on the subject here and addressed successive legislatures, and who inspired De Witt Clinton to put his shoulder to the wheel and push the project to its accomplishment. Collis was an originator always. He had a steam engine at work pumping water from the Collect Pond into his reservoir on Broadway near Pearl Street, at the rate of 417,600 gallons daily, ten years before Fulton had begun to make any practical application of steam to travel, and he had already mooted the notion that the same force might be applied to ferry boats, in the place of horse-power, with safety and economy. His lectures on pneumatics and the steam engine were an unfailing matter of interest and entertainment to the New Yorkers of the last century, and though they did not benefit himself to any great extent, they paved the way for others who reduced theory to practice and thus permanently benefited the community. The latest achievement of this pioneer inventor was the rigging of a semaphoric telegraph between New York and Sandy Hook, which furnished employment for the closing years of his life. Christopher Collis died on the first day of October, 1816, in the seventy-ninth year

of his age and is buried in St. Paul's churchyard. His tombstone is an humble ode, for he passed away in poverty, and yet no man possessed more friends when living or did more for the land and city in which he lived. He was fully worthy to be one of the famous quartette whose records shed lustre on the churchyard.

As I pass out from under the shadow of the tall shafts and the presence of the great dead, I think of the tiny scraps of dust in the old churchyard, to which the golden lock of hair belongs. I wonder if the little child has grown any older among her Father's mansions. Her mother joined her before many years had passed and I wonder if she knew her child in glory. What a wise little one she must be, that baby aunt of mine. Long ago her tiny feet could find their way through every street in the city which is above and knew the names on the door of every heavenly mansion. Long ago she learned to speak in the tongue of the angel host and the secrets which the wise of this world wrestle over and never penetrate were this child's alphabet. Strange mystery of the future, to which this lock of sunny hair is the key, and

yet I cannot penetrate it. Some day a little child will lead me perhaps on the voyage of its discovery, and I grey-haired and once deemed wise will acknowledge my ignorance to the babe. And so, as we walk, the smallest of graves becomes the grandest of teachers.

TRINITY MISSION HOUSE.

XI.

I HELD in my hand the other day a Book of the Dead. In appearance it was an unimpressive volume in brown leather, whose records were written in various hands and sometimes with ink that had grown faded and blurred, yet the names in its register had a strange fascination for me. They had once stood for living men and women and tender little children, who had lived out their span, had struggled, hoped, loved and died. Then after they had been laid gently in the bosom of mother earth, a stranger had written without a pang the record of the name to which they answered no more, of the years they had lived and the place of their burial. It had all happened long ago, and the hands that had written the brief histories had become dust and ashes too. Spring after spring had come and gone, bringing flowers and green grasses and the singing birds; the mounds over the dead had become leveled with the surrounding earth, the tombstones had crumbled and the mosses had eaten away their inscriptions, and living eyes looked through the old books of

names and sadly wondered. Yet not without hope. Ah, not without knowledge that one day these dry bones should live, and clad in the glory of immortal youth stand smiling and serene on the ramparts of the city whose builder and maker they have already seen face to face. This was the message that was whispered to me by the yellow pages and the faded ink.

There are no records of burials in the parish prior to 1777. The great fire which swept away the larger part of the lower city on the night in which the British troops occupied New York, burned up Trinity Church and the school house in which the books were kept under charge of the clerk of the parish. The church was not rebuilt until 1790, but the churchyard was in use throughout the time of the British occupation. There most of the private soldiers, sailors, prisoners of war, strangers and the poor were interred, it being regarded as a public burial place. The British officers who died during the time, officials and citizens of wealth and standing were buried in the grounds around St. Paul's, the church itself being set apart as the military chapel of the English commander. Many of the tombstones antedate

the war of the Revolution. Near the west entrance is a stone to the memory of James Davis, "late Smith in the Royal Artillery, who died in December, 1769, aged 30 years," and near it is a still older and less legible slab which commemorates John Jones, and perpetuates this poetry that evidently came from his wife's hand:

> O most cruel sudden Death
> Thus did take her husband's breath,
> But the Lord he thought it best.

Scattered around this part of the cemetery are memorials of the Somerindykes, Ogdens, Nesbitts, Rhinelanders, Thornes, Cornells, Van Amridges, the Gunning, Bogert, Onderdonk, Tredwell, Cutler and Waldo families. This acre of the dead had gathered in many occupants during its first peaceful decade.

In the book of burials of which I have spoken, the first recorded entry is that of Mrs. Wittenhall, of whom no other particulars are given than her name and the fact that she was interred at St. Paul's. The sexton kept the record, as is duly narrated when it came his turn to be entered among the dead. In the six years that follow the

entries make a strange collection, and one can read in them, better than in any history of the time, the desolation of the city while it was in the hands of the oppressor. War and the selfishness that grows out of the fact that human life is then held at a cheap rate, can be seen pictured on every page. Here are the ravages of fever and small-pox, there the deaths from wounds and again when food is scarce and firing dear, the deaths among the wives and children of the soldiers in garrison run up to a fearful figure. During the month of May in that year are recorded the burial of Mr. Nash's child, who died of small-pox, of a sergeant who perished of his wounds, of an artilleryman, of a soldier's wife, of a Light Horseman, and several strangers, but no names are given except in the case of a child of an inhabitant. Occasionally the record is varied with burials at St. George's, in Beekman Street, and the French church in Pine Street, and on September 17th, Mrs. Stuyvesant, aged 85, is recorded as buried at the Bowery, in the graveyard which now surrounds St. Mark's Church.

Of the British officers who lie under the turf of old St. Paul's, I find the names of Col. Mungo

Campbell, who died of his wounds, and was buried October 7; Captain Wolfe, who perished of fever in the next July, of Captains Gibbs, Walker, Bond, Talbot, Logan, Norman and Horton, of Lieut. Iredell and Lieut. Inslee, who died of wounds ("at Tom's River, New Jersey," adds the recording hand of the sexton), of Captain Wilcox, killed in battle, of a Hessian Major and a dozen Hessian officers, all unknown, who were interred with military honors Mr. Wies, Commissary-General of the English Army, died of the fever and a tombstone was raised to his memory. The Rev. Mr. Barton and the Rev. Mr. Winslow were also numbered with the dead and buried here. Happily such as these received mention, but when pestilence settled down on the city and added its horrors to those of war, the entries in the book of burials read "a refugee woman," "two sailors in one grave," "a doctor, aged thirty-two," "a strange woman," "a free mason." The last burials entered before the British flag was hauled down at the Battery were those of "a sailor lad, 15 years old," "a soldier's wife, 46," "a soldier's child, 8," and the first after the American flag was unfurled over the city, "a child of Mr. Stringham."

To me there is something extremely pathetic in these records. What a strange gathering of friend and foe, of aristocrat and outcast, of youth and age it would be if these graves could suddenly and simultaneously give up their occupants. The tombstones give no indications of their numbers. For every slab and monument that stands in the enclosure there are a score of sleepers whose dust is undistinguishable from the ground in which it rests. From the month of December in the year 1800, the records are made in the clear, clerkly hand of Bishop Benjamin Moore. I turned a few pages and came to an announcement that in its time had convulsed the whole land. Yet now it is simply a name and date and a careless observer would easily pass it by. It is under the date of the year 1804 and reads, "July 12, Alexander Hamilton, 45, Trinity churchyard." That is all that tells of the death of America's greatest statesman. Just below is another record, "July 12, Mr Harsen's child, St. Paul's churchyard." The little one without a name was laid away in its grave on the same day that a multitude wept at the opened tomb of Hamilton. Yet I doubt not that there were hearts that ached as they turned

away from the mound that covered the babe. My memory goes back to the time when old St. Paul's held as large and as fashionable a congregation as any in the city. Lower Broadway, the streets around the City Hall Park, Greenwich, Fulton and Vesey Streets, held a large population and Park Place was a centre of aristocracy. The Rev. Dr. Parks, a graduate of West Point, was then in charge, with Dr. Haight as his colleague. At the doors, on Sunday, were grouped as many carriages as at Trinity and there was a sort of social rivalry between the congregations. The list of the pewholders then was something like a modern book of the peerage, but while many names suggest themselves to memory there are others that have been forgotten and there is nothing to keep track of the changes.

In the list which at any rate would be too long to give in its entirety, are found the names of Ferdinand Suydam, Peter Goelet, one of the most famous of old New York merchants, whose prosperity kept apace with the growth of the city he loved, Bache McEvers, John H. Talman, whose daughter, Miss Caroline Talman, built and endowed the church of the Beloved Disciple, while

still an attendant at Trinity Chapel, and John Q. Jones, President of the Chemical Bank. Henry Cotheal was a vestryman, and he and his son, Alexander I. Cotheal occupied two pews at the side of the pulpit. The son, Alexander I. Cotheal, was in early life a teacher in the Sunday School. He is still living, in his eighty-seventh year, and has seen nearly all the modern growth of this great city. Formerly a merchant, he has devoted his later years to study. Another group of St. Paul's people were Anthony Barclay, George Barclay, Templeton Strong, Benjamin Armitage and David B. Ogden. Mr. Armitage was at one time a teacher in the Sunday School and Benjamin M. Brown was Superintendent. Mr. Thomas Gale has still a living representative at St. Paul's in the person of his niece, Miss Sarah Thorne, who is still an active worker in the church. Of John David Wolfe, all mercantile New York knows and of what he did for the city and its masses. Another pewholder of the olden time was George Jones, whose daughter became the wife of Wm. Alexander Smith. The old Jones mansion at 82d Street and Avenue B, beautifully situated on a bluff at the East River, was torn down last year,

but enough of the old family possessions on the line of the river still remains to preserve the traditions of Jones' Wood and keep the name in the mouth of the public. The list might be indefinitely extended, and include the names of Goodwin, Pray, Spencer, Lee, Gerry, of Revolutionary renown, McVickar, Winthrop, Rhinelander, Harrison, Edgar and others whose homes were located below St. Paul's Chapel at the time that the Episcopal residence of that giant of the faith, Bishop Hobart, was on Vesey Street, opposite St. Paul's churchyard.

Those were glorious days of the church when Bishop Hobart, attended by his two favorite assistant ministers, Drs. Onderdonk and Berrian, pervaded New York like another St. Paul. He was everywhere at once, fervent, sympathetic, aggressive, and to him more than any other man was due the awakening which sent the church forward into the proper place of leadership. I meant to have stood beneath his monument and spoken of him in that sacred spot, but the place does not matter, for the presence of this great pioneer prelate is felt at every place where his feet passed by. I read some weeks ago the jour-

nal of a Unitarian minister who came from Boston in 1820 to hear Edward Everett, then a minister, preach the sermon at the opening of their church on Chambers Street, and who fell in some way under the influence of the bishop. This stranger in our gates wrote: "The power of earnestly and successfully appealing to the consciences of men was possessed by Hobart in an eminent degree. In his ministrations the ardor of Peter was aptly blended with the boldness of Paul, and honesty of purpose breathed through and consecrated all his professional efforts. The Episcopal Church has rarely possessed an ally of greater power."

It is a matter of rejoicing to the grey-haired men and women who recall the glories of old St. Paul's as it was fifty years ago, when its walls and spire had not been dwarfed by the great structures that how hem it in and its aisles were thronged by people born within hearing of its bell, to learn that its veins are still full of active life. It has become the spiritual home of more than four hundred families, the Sunday School numbers five hundred scholars and the communicants are six hundred and forty-nine. Not a bad showing that for a down-town church, and as I write the figures

I can well understand the enthusiasm of a young man whom I met in the church one Sunday evening, and who told me that he was brakeman on a New Jersey railroad but always attended old St. Paul's. The attendance is drawn largely from the laboring class, but they are worthy successors to the men and women who preceded them and have grandly demonstrated that there is now no danger of a possible failure in the congregation. They have the zeal and the fire of Paul and are endowed with his missionary spirit. In all the city there is no place to which the lukewarm can go with greater certainty of having their old flames rekindled.

As it was in the beginning, when "the third English church in the fields" was opened, so may it be to the end!

XII.

It will be fifty years ago, in August, since I entered the Sunday School of St John's Chapel as a scholar. At first, being an urchin of tender years I was placed in a class with my two sisters, in the girls' school, with Mrs. Lindley Murray Hoffman as teacher. But I soon overgrew this gentle companionship and was transferred to the boys' department in the basement of the same building and placed under the care of the late Rev. Dr. Sullivan H. Weston, who was then a student of theology. The chancel of the church has now usurped the place of the former Sunday School building, which was a stone structure three stories in height, whose upper and lower floors were devoted to the boys and girls respectively and were furnished with square, white wooden forms for the convenience of the classes. The main floor was fitted up after the fashion of a chapel, with organ and reading desk, and here we all assembled on Sunday morning at ten o'clock, to be catechised by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, whose dignified presence, set off by a black silk gown and bands, kept the most of the restless boys in order.

Across the golden mists of departed years, now half a century in number, I see the throngs of curly heads and rosy cheeks, and my eyes are young again as I look into their faces. To me they are ever fair and young; to the world, they are dust and ashes. As memory calls the roll, I can summon up but half a dozen in life, and they are grey-haired and their cheeks have lost the radiant rosiness of their childhood. It seems impossible that so many seasons have rolled between that day and this. I can recall the new clothes and tight shoes of those Sundays and my uneasiness in their clasp; the broad leghorn hats with pink and blue streamers that half hid the faces of my sisters and their companions on the other side of the aisle; the sycamores on the outside, in whose branches the orioles built their nests year after year; the flowers in the adjacent Berrian and Blenkard gardens and the vine that clambered over the back porch of my own home, two doors away. The peace and sweetness of those unforgotten Sundays come back to me, now, like the breath of home to an exile.

In those days I used to think St. John's Chapel the handsomest of ecclesiastical edifices and even

its pulpit had a stateliness which was most impressive to the youthful mind. The backs of the pews were high and the doors were fastened by a button or a spring lock on the inside, so that the householder could fence himself in and defy the entrance of any spiritual tramp. For the latter there were six pews set apart at the foot of each aisle, three on each side, which were slightly raised above the rest and bore conspicuously on their doors the legend "For Strangers." I remember that I used to look at the occupants of these pews with a sort of patronizing pity, as being a sort of shabby-genteel Christians at best. Now nearly every pew is free and the sanctuary is glorious within and resonant with music to which it was then a stranger. In those days, pulpit, reading desk and chancel stood out conspicuously from the bare white wall of the original edifice, and were encircled with a mahogany chancel rail. It was a triple affair and curious in its way. At the base stood the altar or communion table of wood painted white and topped with purple velvet and two large purple cushions to hold the prayer books. Above this rose the reading desk, which was a pew in which at afternoon service the minis-

ters entered, clad in surplice and black silk gown respectively and gravely shut the door and buttoned themselves in. The third story was the pulpit, which was on a level with the galleries and was entered by a door in the rear. I can recall vividly the delight with which I waited for the reappearance of the preacher through this door during the singing of the last verse of the hymn and my still greater delight when it was announced by Major Jonathan Lawrence, a revolutionary soldier and member of the vestry that in consequence of sudden indisposition there would be no sermon that afternoon.

It was an age of upholstery decoration in churches, and while the huge square windows were in plain glass, and the Corinthian columns of the interior were as dazzling white as the walls, there was a profusion of velvet and woolen furnishings visible on all sides. Owners of pews upholstered them in such colors and materials as they pleased, cushioning the backs and making them otherwise as comfortable as was possible. The result was as large a variety of hues as in the woods in October. Some of the old-fashioned square pews which still remained in the side aisles

and galleries were set out with cushions, footstools and little tables to hold books, in such a manner as to make children in other pews envious of their superior adaptedness to purposes of repose. The organ stood in the rear gallery and the singing was "performed" by a mixed choir of men and women who were hidden from view by curtains of purple velvet.

Bold and sagacious minds planned the building of St. John's Chapel. When the corner-stone was laid in 1803 the locality was a swamp, overgrown with brush and still inhabited by frogs and snakes. In front of it a sandy beach stretched down to the river whose waters then came up to Greenwich Street. The church was completed and consecrated in 1807 and by that time the neighborhood had undergone a transformation. St. John's Park, which fifty years ago was the loveliest of the city's pleasure grounds, had been laid out and houses were springing up around it and attracting wealthy landowners and merchants from the neighborhood of old St. Paul's and Trinity Church. When the century had reached its first quarter the locality was the most fashionable in the city, at the second quarter its

decay had begun and when the park had vanished the neighborhood had been given over to the stranger, and he came forward and occupied the front pews.

Now I know not a soul in the congregation. But looking back to my boyhood, I can recall the faces that rose up around our pew Sunday after Sunday, and they seem now to have grown old. Our pew was on the north aisle, well up towards the front. In front was the pew of Dr. Hunter, our family physician, who lived on Hudson Street, and died of cholera during the visitation of that epidemic in 1849. The Randolphs and Clifts sat still further in front. At our right, in the middle aisle, were Gen. Dix and his family, the widow and children of old General Jacob Morton and the Schuylers. The Lydigs sat in a large, square pew on the other side of the north aisle and nearly opposite us. Everybody knew the honored widow of Alexander Hamilton and the family of John C. Hamilton, whose residence was on Beach Street. Bowie Dash, then my schoolmate, now a vestryman of Trinity Parish, lived at the corner of Laight and Varick Streets, and came duly to church, like myself and all other boys of the

period, twice a day. But the catalogue of names is growing out of proportion to my present space. Other attendants at old St. John's were the Clarksons, Hyslops, Cammanns, Swords, Van Der Heuvilles, Hoffmans, Crugers, the families of John J. Morgan and Dr. Hosick, the Drakes, Kembles, Manys, Lorillards, Ostranders, Wilkes, Cotheals, Bibbys, Harveys and Lawrences. A single paper would not suffice for reminiscences of those famous old New Yorkers who worshipped here. Not long ago I came across a description of St. John's written by a traveler who made the acquaintance of the city in 1839. He says: "St. John's is one of the most magnificent churches in the country. It is ornamented in front with a portico and four columns in the Corinthian style, which are based on a flight of steps above the street; and from the roof of the portico and the church is built the lofty and splendid spire, to the height of 240 feet."

Even as these words are set down, there is a whisper that the old chapel which was the admiration of three successive generations, will vanish before the hand of improvement and that a new and more magnificent edifice will replace it on the

site that Trinity Parish has been holding for forty years at Hudson and Clarkson Streets for that purpose. The only element of uncertainty is the determination of certain parties, unfriendly to the church, to have the spot seized for a public park. It is the old story of Naboth's Vineyard. An adjoining block, larger and better adapted to the purpose, has been offered at a reasonable figure, but the political children of Naboth are determined to have that particular spot, by force of law if necessary, even though its occupation by them shall tear the dead from their graves and compel the destruction of the trees that have twined their roots around the coffins and boxes of the buried thousands who sleep there.

There have been no interments in the grounds of St. John's Chapel, but at the time the church was projected, a plot bounded by Hudson, Leroy and Clarkson Streets was set apart by the vestry as a place of burial and has always since been known by the name of "St. John's Burying Ground." It is a rural appellation, suggestive of the day when Greenwich Village was a distinct settlement, and its villas and farm houses clustered in sight of the little cemetery. The people who

attended St. John's Chapel never took kindly to the little rustic cemetery. Many of them owned vaults in the churchyards of Trinity and St. Paul's, or elsewhere, and not one of the families that I have named is represented in the quaint old Clarkson Street plot. Yet there have been more than ten thousand interments there and eight hundred monuments stand over the dead. The first entry on the parish register is "John Erving, aged 35 years, who was buried October 2, 1814," but some of the graves are older than that and one of the tombstones bears date of 1803. From 1830, when burials were forbidden in all cemeteries below Canal Street, interments were frequent here, but they ceased by law some twenty years later, and since that time have only occurred in the case of owners of vaults. The monuments are seldom elaborate, but sometimes the tombs bear the masonic device, or the old-time figures of a weeping woman, an urn and a willow.

The most striking of the monuments was erected by Engine Company 13 of the old Volunteer Fire Department, to the memory of Eugene Underhill and Frederick A. Ward, who lost their lives by the falling of a wall while engaged in

their duties as firemen in 1834. A sarcophagus, surmounted by a stone coffin, bears on its apex a fireman's cap, torch and trumpet. One of the best preserved stones bears the inscription: "Captain Peter Taylor, who departed this life April 16, 1846, in the 73d year of his age. Long has he braved the stormy sea. He was known for skill as a man of his profession. At last he has cast anchor in a safe harbor, the broad bay of sweet repose." There is a cut of a fouled anchor at the head of the stone. An old cracked and broken brown stone slab, with the masonic emblem of the square and compass at the top, bears the record "Artemus B. Brookins, April 9, 1824, aged 6 months and 5 days." Early initiated and passed; one day to be raised.

There are not many people of renown or whose memory has outlived their day and generation, buried here. In one of the vaults rest the ashes of William E. Burton, the comedian, whose theatre was in Chambers Street, and whose acting was the delight of the fashionable folk who lived around St. John's Park. He died in 1858 and the last years of his life were passed in his luxurious home on Hudson Street, near Laight. Here too

sleeps Naomi, wife of Thomas Hamblin, a distinguished actor and a contemporary of Burton. The inscriptions on the tombstones are often rustic and quaint, breathing an air of simplicity such as suggests the village life that takes the world into its confidence. Some of the records are those: "George Shepley, who fell a victim to intermittent fever, 1803; Frederick Gordon, calico engraver, 1812; John Black, bookseller, 1830, beloved by all who knew him." And how pleasant it is to meet here in shadow land a man who is not ashamed to let other people know that he loved his wife and that her price was above rubies, and who has made the stone to tell her praises thus: "Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence, wife of Mr. John Lawrence, merchant of New York, a pattern of exalted goodness."

Among other interments are: "John Nichols, 1822; Elizabeth Moore, 1824; Nicholas Halsted, 1824; Thomas W. Ustic, 1845; Maria Speed, 1823; James E. Crane, 1829; Alexander Dugan, 1824; John Bensar, 1837; Leonard Patus, 1836; James Berrian, 1828; Mary Legget, 1812; J. N. Whitehead, 1835; Gabriel Grenolier, 1813; John Summeslays, 1820, and Cornelius Mour, 1808."

One stone is erected by sorrowing shipmates to the memory of a lad of twenty-one, who was "drowned from the *Sir E. Hamilton*, July, 1833." Apparently from those records in stone the sleepers in St. John's Burying Ground were not classed when living with the "Upper Ten Thousand," but none the less is their tomb sacred and the dust they laid down in death deserving of rescue from profanation. The old parish that gave the ground for graves for her children, has thrown her loving arms around their dust to protect it, and if the monuments are uprooted the shame of it will not lie at her doors.

I had hoped to finish my walks in the new Trinity Cemetery at Manhattanville and to speak of those who sleep in that beautiful city of the dead. But the season has passed and my feet have delayed in older haunts. There sleep the pioneer John Jacob Astor, founder of the family, the gallant soldier Gen. John A. Dix, hero of the wars, who lived to see his son the honored rector of old Trinity, and there were gathered under the sod later representations of nearly every eminent family in the parish. There, too, amid a group of descendants, sleeps my grandmother, the

grandmother of whom I have written much, and close by is another friend of my boyhood, who was more than four-score years my senior, and with whom I delighted to talk. He sleeps on the spot where he had once fought for his king in the fierce skirmishes that preluded the capture of Fort Washington. Old John Battin, cornet in the British horse, married and settled in this city after the war was ended, gave three of his descendants to the ministry of the church, and died about the time I entered college, at an age that had passed the century limit. He was one hundred years old when he fell asleep.

The soldier of the king and the soldier of the republic slumber peacefully side by side in sight of the Hudson. There are no enmities in the grave and no remembrance of the strife that is past. The tiniest babe beneath the sod becomes the equal of the mightiest of warriors and the wisest of sages.

TRINITY HOSPITAL.

XIII.

In reading the "Reminiscences of Grant Thorburn," not long ago, I came across an unconscious tribute to the faithfulness of the clergy and people of Trinity Parish which was the more striking because it had been penned by a sturdy and uncompromising Scotch Covenanter. Mr. Thorburn was clerk in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, of which the famous Dr. Mason was pastor at the beginning of the century, and so strict was their orthodoxy that he was once "suspended from psalm-singing," as he phrases it, for having shaken hands with Thomas Paine. When the yellow fever desolated the city in 1798, he remained after nearly everybody had fled and ministered to the sick and dying. Under date of "Sabbath, September 16," he says: "All the churches down-town, known by the name of Orthodox and Reformed, being shut up, the poor, who could not fly, were glad to pick up what little crumbs of Gospel comfort they could find in the good old church of the Trinity, which was open every Sabbath. As the bell was tolling for afternoon service, Mr. T. and his wife, and myself

and wife (we had all been married within the year,) were walking among the tombs; as we turned the east corner Mrs. T., who was a lively girl, turned her husband around and exclaimed in a sort of playful manner, 'If I die of the fever you must bury me there,' pointing to the spot opposite Pine Street. Next she was reported and on Friday, the 21st, he buried her there, and where you may see her gravestone until this day." Again, in writing of the terrible Asiatic cholera in 1832, he says that the clergy of Trinity came down as the bell tolled, on horseback or in a carriage, "tied the horse to one of the trees, said their prayers, read their sermons and so went home again—thus they kept their churches open all the fever of 1798." The sturdy old Covenanter liked neither prayer book nor written sermon, but he was too honest to withhold his meed of praise from the men who did their duty in the face of death. Reading their record I honor the fearless preachers of the cross who thus stood between the living and the dead, and I bless God out of a thankful heart for this grand old parish which has stood for two centuries as a strong defence of the faith, a refuge for the sick and sor-

rowing, a witness to divine law and order, and a daily preacher of that charity which thinketh no evil of the man God made.

I have dwelt long in the quiet paths of the parish churchyards and lingered over the mossy epitaphs which are part of the story of the land we live in as well as the metropolis that has grown up around them. It is pleasant to pause under the trees and think to what peaceful end their unquiet lives have come. But even as I pause, there comes to me the echo of the city's roar and tumult and the thought of the living and as it swells in my ear I remember not only what has been done by Trinity Parish, since its first rector, the Rev. William Vesey first held divine service on the sixth of February, 1697, in the small, square stone edifice just erected on the edge of the little city, in the upper part of the Broad Way, but what is doing now. The story of the dead would be incomplete without the record of the living,

> "One army of the living God
> At His command we bow:
> Part of the host have crossed the flood
> And part are crossing now."

It is to be repeated that the outside world

should not take much notice of Trinity Parish or measure the wide field of its work, but I wonder how many of those who take part in its service or are numbered with its congregation understand what is its real relation to the community at its doors and how extensive is its influence, direct or indirect, on men and morals. Trinity Parish is a diocese in itself—an imperium in imperio—and no man can measure the extent of its silent influence for good, even when all the figures are marshalled before his eyes. The grain of the mustard seed, dropped in a little Dutch city of the New World, has become a great tree, whose branches reach up to the heaven or in whose shade the weary ones of earth rest and refresh themselves. The one church of 1697 has become eight churches in 1892, six chapels in the city, in addition to the parent church, and an additional chapel on Governor's Island in New York Harbor. The first chapel built by the parish, St. George's in Beekman Street, which was opened by the Rev. Mr. Barclay, Rector of Trinity Church, July 2, 1756 —the mayor, recorder, aldermen, common council and other distinguished citizens being present— became long ago an independent church, and is

now one of the strongest and most useful in the city. Gathered about old Trinity to-day are the chapels of St. Paul, St. John, Trinity, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine and St. Agnes. In three of these chapels the sittings are entirely free and in two others very nearly so, while the doors and pews of old Trinity are never closed to those who wish to enter and worship. Nor are any of these mission chapels for the poor, but all, rich and poor, share alike in the best service which the rector and vestry can provide to make the Lord's sanctuary glorious within.

Nor is Trinity Parish in any degree selfish, or bent on seeking her own, but is mindful to an extreme of her obligations to the city in which she is as a light set up on a hill. St. Luke's Church on Hudson Street, one of the last existing monuments of quaint old Greenwich Village, still receives an allowance of $10,000 a year and All Saint's Church, on the lower east side is kept alive and at work by an annual payment amounting to $7,300. Other churches which receive annual aid from the corporation of Trinity Parish are St. Clement's, West Third Street; Holy Martyrs, Forsyth Street; the Church of the Epiphany,

East 50th Street; St. Peter's, in old Chelsea Village; Holy Apostles, in Ninth Avenue; St. John the Evangelist, West 11th Street; St. Ann's Church for deaf mutes; St. Ambrose, St. Philip's Church with its colored congregation; All Angels and St. Timothy's. Donations and allowances are also made generously to other churches, missions and objects of benevolence, which swell the appropriations made by the Vestry, in the last year reported, for objects outside the Parish, to almost forty thousand dollars.

Turning to the parochial statistics, which to thoughtful persons are an unanswerable proof of the good work accomplished, they tell a remarkable story. The communicants of the parish numbered at the last report six thousand. Comparisons are invidious, but if one cares to take up a church almanac and make a comparison, it will be a matter of surprise to find how many dioceses fail to come up to the statistical standard of this quiet but sleepless old parish. The total number of baptisms for the year are 1,114; confirmed, 504; marriages, 318; burials, 617; Sunday school teachers, 290; scholars, 3,457; teachers of daily parish schools, 21, scholars, 692; teachers

of parish night schools, 10, scholars, 352; and the industrial school report in addition 111 teachers and 1,118 scholars. The figures are eloquent of what is being accomplished for the community as well as for the church and tell for themselves with what sincere conscientiousness the corporation acts as the almoners of the stewardship committed to their care. The collections and contributions throughout the Parish, amounted to $61,213.25; the appropriations by the Vestry for Parish purposes, to $44,479.21, and the appropriations for outside purposes, to $39,278.89, making a grand total for the year of $144,971.35. And this answers, better than a column of explanation, the question often asked by many, as to what Trinity Parish does with its income.

The services and work of the Parish are sufficient to give ample employment to the seventeen clergymen on the staff of the rector, the Rev. Dr. Dix. The work is so varied and far-reaching that it is next to impossible to classify it. There are connected with Trinity Church, for instance, daily parish and night schools, guilds for boys and young men, with a membership of 217; for girls and women, with a membership of 302; a mission

to Germans under charge of a German minister; a Ladies' Employment Society and the Trinity Church Association which supports independently of the corporation, a Mission House in Fulton Street under charge of the Sisters of St. Mary, a dispensary, kindergarten and training school for household service, a seaside home for children at Great River, L. I., a relief bureau and a kitchen garden. All this is done in addition to the regular religious and charitable work of the parent church and it aims to reach every soul within call and to enlist it not only in work on its own behalf, but in becoming a ministering messenger to others.

The same spirit of activity pervades all the chapels and their congregation. Something is found to do by every willing worker. Especially does the hand that is twice blessed aim to gather in the little ones. There are guilds and schools and work and prayers for every babe in Christ; if one wants to hear the praise of old Trinity in strange places he will hear it to best advantage in some of the down-town rookeries from which the children have been gathered into the church and made to love its ways and services. For the work

of each care is done systematically. Districts are divided up and apportioned so as to be thoroughly canvassed, and all cases where the ministrations of the church are needed and all opportunities of aggressive work are reported immediately and acted upon, and in the parish chapels, the services are arranged and conducted so as to attract those for whose spiritual welfare they are intended. Nor must it be forgotten that besides maintaining five beds at St. Luke's Hospital, for the sick poor of the Parish, the old rectory next door to St. John's Chapel, which is fragrant to me with the memory of Dr. Berrian and his family, is the enlarged and beautified home of Trinity Hospital, maintained by the corporation. The Vestry also provide for the free interment of the destitute poor in St. Michael's cemetery, Newton, L. I. Thus in death as in life the old Parish looks after her children, parts with them only at the grave, where she leaves them under the smile of God's benediction.

In closing this paper, I cannot do better than quote the following beautiful lines which appeared in the *New York American*, some fifty years ago, when the old Trinity Church whose consecration was witnessed be President Washington in 1790,

was in the process of demolition and the new and grander church of to-day was rising from its dust. The newspaper from which this touching tribute is taken was edited by Charles King, LL.D., who was afterwards President of Columbia College.

TRINITY CHURCH.

Farewell! Farewell! They're falling fast,
  Pillar and arch and architrave;
Yon aged pile, to me the last
Sole record of the by-gone past,
  Is speeding to its grave:
And thoughts from memory's fountain flow,
  (As one by one, like wedded hearts,
  Each rude and mouldering stone departs,)
Of boyhood's happiness and woe,—
  Its sunshine and its shade:
And though each ray of early gladness
Comes mingled with the hues of sadness,
  I would not bid them fade.
They come, as come the stars at night,—
Like fountains gushing into light—
And close around my heart they twine,
Like ivy round the mountain pine!
Yes, they are gone—the sunlight smiles
All day upon its foot-worn aisles;
Those foot-worn aisles, where oft have trod
The humble worshippers of God,
In times long past, when Freedom first
From all the land in glory burst!

The heroic few! From him whose sword
Was wielded in his country's cause,
To him who battled with his word,
The bold expounder of her laws!
And they are gone—gone like the lone
Forgotten echoes of their tread;
And from their niches now are gone
The sculptured records of the dead!
As now I gaze, my heart is stirred
With music of another sphere!
A low, sweet chime, which once was heard,
Comes like the note of some wild bird
Upon my listening ear;—
Recalling many a happy hour,
Reviving many a withered flower,
Whose bloom and beauty long have laid
Within my sad heart's silent shade:
Life's morning flowers! that bud and blow
And wither ere the sun hath kissed
The dew drops from their breasts of snow,
Or dried the landscape's veil of mist!

Yes! When that sweetly mingled chime
Stole on my ear in boyhood's time,
My glad heart drank the thrilling joy,
Undreaming of its future pains;—
As spell-bound as the Theban boy
Listening to Memnon's fabled strains!

Farewell, old fane! And though unsung
By bards thy many glorious fell,
Though babbling fame had never rung
Thy praises on his echoing bell—
Who that hath seen, can e'er forget
Thy grey old spire?—Who that hath knelt
Within thy sacred aisles, nor felt
Religion's self grow sweeter yet?

Yes! Though the decking hand of Time
Glory to Greece's fanes hath given,
That, from her old heroic clime,
Point proudly to their native heaven;
Though Rome hath many a ruined pile
To speak the glory of her land,
And fair, by Egypt's sacred Nile,
Her mouldering monuments may stand,
The joy that swells the gazer's heart,
The pride that sparkles in his eye,
When pondering on these piles, where art
In crumbling majesty doth lie,
Ne'er blended with them keener joy
Than mine, when but a thoughtless boy
I gazed with awe-struck, wondering eye,
On thy old spire, my Trinity!
And thou shalt live like words of truth,—
Like golden monuments of youth—
As on the lake's unrippled breast
The mirrored mountain lies at rest,
So shalt thou lie, till life depart,
Mirrored for ages on my heart!

In the same spirit of reverend love, I stand under the spire of the grand temple of worship at whose consecration I was present nearly half a century ago, and looking around upon the six stalwart children that own her for a nursing mother, and remembering her record of faith and good deeds, I say, GOD BLESS OLD TRINITY!

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